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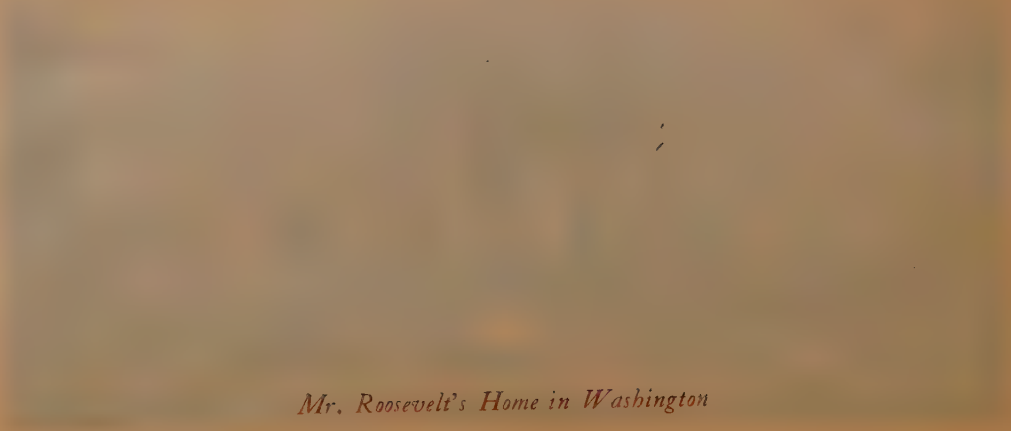

Mr. Roosevelt's Home in Washington

Authors of our Day in their Homes

Personal Descriptions & Interviews

Edited with Additions by

FRANCIS WHITING HALSEY

Seventeen Illustrations

NEW YORK

JAMES POTT & COMPANY

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Preface

SEVERAL sketches in this volume, as was the case with several in its companion, "American Authors and Their Homes," published in September, 1901, have undergone so many changes that it has been found inadvisable to print in the Table of Contents a full list of writers' names.

In eleven of the twenty-two sketches no material changes have been made. These are: Mark Twain, by Charles T. Sempers; Winston Churchill, Edwin Markham, and Gilbert Parker, by William Wallace Whitelock; Edward Eggleston, by George Cary Eggleston; S. Weir Mitchell, by Warwick J. Price; Edward Everett Hale and Marion Crawford, by Walter Littlefield; Robert Grant, by G. Hamlen; Joel Chandler Harris, by Rezin Welch McAdam; and Goldwin Smith, by J. Macdonald Oxley. The introduction, except for the first four paragraphs, was written by George H. Warner.

Other papers in the volume, in their original form, were written by James MacArthur, Cromwell Childe, Stanhope Sams, Helen Leah Read, H. Gilson Gardner, and Francis Knowles. It should be stated that the conditions which made changes necessary arose after the articles were first prepared for THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The lists of books prefixed to the sketches comprise selections from complete lists, and are intended merely to suggest the more significant or important.

The index will indicate the range of topics touched upon, and will make reference to them convenient.

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Introduction

Authorship in America

Introduction

Authorship in America

IN this volume and its predecessor, "American Authors and Their Homes," some forty noteworthy writers have been included. They are men of our own day; all but two being, at this writing, still alive, and these two, John Fiske and Charles Dudley Warner, died somewhat recently. In the previous volume attention was called to the improved worldly condition of the author since the time of Poe—the greater demand that has arisen for his books, the better returns he gets from the publishers, the consequent improvement in his mode of living, and that personal ascendency, more commensurate with his intellectual rank, which he now has in the world.

Since that volume appeared, an author whose works already number about twenty, and whose first undertaking, after leaving college, was to write a book, has risen to the highest station it is possible for a man to reach in the United States. If Mr. Roosevelt be not the only President who became an author before he was Presi-

dent, John Quincy Adams having anticipated him in this distinction, Mr. Roosevelt, at the time of his elevation to the office, had acquired, from writing books, distinction that was far greater than Adams's. Jefferson, it is true, was an author before he was President, as witness his "Notes on Virginia," and the epitaph on his tombstone ("author of the Declaration of Independence"); but here we meet with literary distinction that is scarcely a parallel to Mr. Roosevelt's in the sense in which it is here referred to.

Some other Presidents have produced books, but the books were published after they had filled the great office—Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Lincoln, whose speeches, letters, state papers, and miscellaneous writings were collected long after they were dead; Grant, his "Memoirs," published at the close of his career, and written for dear life itself; Cleveland, his "Writings and Speeches," and Harrison, "This Country of Ours" and "Views of an Ex-President." Mr. Roosevelt's exceptional place, therefore, as the author of nearly twenty books before he became President, is not less interesting politically than it is memorable in the history of American authorship.

It is interesting at this point to give a glance backward at the general subject of authorship in this country, since our territory was first settled in the early part of the seventeenth century. No one probably could ever determine exactly how many Americans in these four centuries have actually produced the articles we call books. The latest edition of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's "Dictionary of American Authors," after allowing for probable omissions, indicates that they may have numbered 8,000. This does not mean that these writers have produced what we call literature, but merely that they have produced writings that were issued in book form.

The production of books in this country during the last decade has been growing with unexampled rapidity, consequent, perhaps, on the rise of the department store, the growth of libraries and schools, and other new methods of bringing books to the notice and within the means of greater numbers of persons. Sometimes it has seemed that the art of advertising has had something to do with the increase. But more likely the whole American public has now contracted the habit of reading books as it already had the habit of reading newspapers.

The most interesting questions that arise from a study of Mr. Adams's catalogue of names are: What was the nationality of the writers; what the native State, and what were the primary vocations? The names under examination in this article number about 6,500, although Mr. Adams, in a new edition of his work, has added a thousand more. Even the later figures are too small, by perhaps five hundred or six hundred; but the averages, as they will be drawn in this study of the 6,500 authors, named in the previous edition, are probably as correct as are necessary for the purpose of the inferences that will be set down.

The question of "originality" was long a tender one in the United States, and not only originality, but native production. These questions have become less urgent in the last few years. Possibly they never would have been raised but for a certain national pride and jealousy, and a complete misconception which is now clearing away under a more philosophic view of the matter. It seemed once to be axiomatic that with the rise of a new people, in a new part of the world, there must be, as a spontaneous growth, a new literature; that at least there must be a fresh, vigorous, and

worthy poetry. Various other nations growing to consciousness had developed poetry as a seeming necessity of utterance, and, finally, prose and verse as a literary art, distinguished from all other peoples.

Why should not the United States obey the same law? Italy, Spain, France, the States of Germany, of the north of Europe, and especially England, had experienced such a development. Poetry, prose, the drama, were in all these countries indigenous products which at length were influenced, it is true, by each other and by ancient models, but they had a characteristic life of their own, irrespective of those influences. Such an expectation was natural in the case of the United States.

It is easy now to see that the American people, not being in any sense aboriginal, but a people already formed, with the same principles, the same opinions, and the same tastes and habits as the people of England, if they wrote at all would produce, as a matter of course, English literature, modified at length by circumstances, relationships, and desires, but still English in language, form, and spirit. That the writing done in the colonies should have been mainly religious in character, dis-

ciplinary and sectarian, was natural, and that Milton and his compeers should have informed those writings with the spirit of liberty is also as natural, even to the exclusion of the poets and the classics that became the models later.

But while these observations remain true, Mr. Adams's statistical compilations, from the beginning down to the present, show that American literature, indebted, as it is, to European and classical sources, is a product of America in a true sense. The impression that the existing literature is a product of authors of European birth writing in America is unsupported by fact. Taking the whole number of authors who had published definite books as about 6,500, it appears that of these only about 700 were born in foreign lands, or 11 per cent. of the whole number. To this may be added a few of the 200 whose birthplaces have not been ascertained. It must also be observed that the 11 per cent. includes writers of the colonial years, whose place of birth was, in nearly every case, Great Britain. Considering, therefore, that all early writers must have been natives of England, the proportion is very small. Of these 700 foreign-born authors, England contributed 227, Scotland 86, Ireland 95, Wales

12, and Canada, though properly American, 45. Other British colonies and possessions furnished only 10.*

Turning now to authors born in the United States, it may be stated, with the warning that such statistics are to be used with the limitation that the birthplace does not determine the residence or the place of production of any author, that the New England and the Middle States are the place of nativity of the great majority. Some of the States have not given birth to a single author, for the very sufficient reason that they have not been States long enough to

* It may not be uninteresting to note here the large number of distinct divisions of the globe besides the above mentioned which have furnished immigrants who have become authors. The Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, contributed 15; the Germanic countries, including Austria, 51; Russia, 6; Poland, 2; Livonia, 1; Holland, 7; Belgium, 4; France, 28; Spain, 2; Portugal, 1; Switzerland, 9; Italy, 13; Hungary, 6; and Greece, 3. There are also from Turkey, 9; Asia Minor, 3; Burmah, 1; China, 1; Ceylon, 1; Persia, 1; the Philippines, 1; and Senegal, 1—these latter 9 being suggestive of American origin and transplantation through missionaries or diplomatists or consuls residing in those countries. There are to be accounted for in other ways, 1 from Brazil, 3 from Cuba, 4 from the East Indies, 10 from the West Indies, 4 from Hawaii, and 4 from British Guiana in South America.

do so. Literary productiveness is most to be found in settled communities, where some leisure from more material vocations has been possible. The six New England States have given birth to some 2,360 authors, or about 37 per cent. of the whole number. The five Middle States have 2,000, or 30 per cent. of the whole.

After having taken out the proportion of foreign-born and those of unknown nativity, we have about 87 per cent. to divide among the States. The New England and the Middle States together have 57 per cent., leaving 30 per cent. to be divided among 34 Southern and Western States. Of the Southern States along the seaboard and Gulf there are, as might be expected, the most in Virginia, some 235 authors of books, and in South Carolina 118, while North Carolina has 71, Georgia 56, Alabama 28, Mississippi 19, Louisiana 21, and Texas 3. In the interior South, Tennessee has 34, Kentucky 70, both being, in some respects, extensions of Virginia, while Missouri has 26 and Arkansas 3. Of the Western States, Ohio takes the lead, with 174 authors, while Indiana has 55, Illinois 47, Michigan 36, and California 6. All the others combined

have 37, and the District of Columbia, or the City of Washington, has 42.

Considering next some of the individual States, we find that Massachusetts has 1,243, or within a fraction of 20 per cent. out of the 37 per cent. in the whole six New England States, though that State lost a large number of the writers of her early period by the loss of Maine and New Hampshire, once a part of her territory, and which, in a perfectly definit estatement, would remain to her account.

It is a curious fact that, though Boston was long the literary city of the United States and Harvard College the radiating centre of literary life, it is the State of Connecticut that has the credit of having had born within her borders the largest number of writers, in proportion to her population, of any State in the Union: she has to her credit 430 authors to (at the present time) a population of 750,000.

The State of New York has had 1,060 writers born to her, making 17 per cent. of the total in the country, and nearly as many as Massachusetts; but her population is three times as great, and, compared with Massachusetts, her authors' birth rate would be only about one-third as large, and only about half as

large as that of New England considered as a whole. New York is now the largest publishing city, and no doubt the place of greatest literary activity and productiveness in the United States.

Pennsylvania comes next, with 613 names, or nearly 9½ per cent. of the total. The population of Pennsylvania is four-fifths that of New York, so that the proportion of authors is much smaller, notwithstanding the fact that in the early part of our history Philadelphia was the first and largest publishing centre, and by far the largest republishing centre of the country, more English books having been printed there than in any other city, until at length Boston became the principal publishing city, only recently yielding to New York.

Literature in this country has been an exclusive pursuit with only a few persons; it has not been, as it is in older countries, an exclusive caste or profession. What has appeared in print has been mainly the work of men who have produced what their vocations led them to wish to express, even, as in most cases, outside the realm of the pure literary intent. Probably this miscellaneous and very great production has been of value to the omnivorous and im-

mense reading public existing here, for the case is quite different from the wants of a public restricted in its habit of reading in countries where the mission of letters is to minister to a small, cultivated, and trained portion of the population.

Hence the books produced in this country have gone far afield from pure literature. There are works on engineering, both civil and military; bridge building, mining, mineralogy, metallurgy, the mechanic arts, marine architecture, sanitary engineering, distilling, brewing, cooking, gastronomy, physiology and hygiene, temperance, inebriation, insanity, spiritualism, theosophy, social reform, penology, prohibition, slavery and its corollary, and the prevention of poverty. There are numerous works on philosophic and social problems, woman suffrage, medicine, hydropathy, and all the schools of treatment of disease, surgery, electricity, hydrography, horticulture, and all its kindred branches, and landscape gardening; on fungi and insects, on all the natural sciences and physics, on geology, and on astronomy.

The more evident topics are theology, religion, ecclesiasticism, and their counterparts; psychology, humanitarianism, philanthropy, phi-

losophy in all its phases, archæology, and anthropology. Political economy and finance occupy a large space, and law a much larger one, owing to the great diversity of statutes in so many States and the consequent decisions of courts which finally determine what law is. Probably law occupies a larger space in American books than divinity, for the jurists have written upon their own specialty, with fewer diversions, by far, than the clergy.

The purely literary books are works on metaphysical topics, morality, philosophy, ethics, art, literary and musical criticism, travel, adventure, and exploration, philology, bibliography, sports, and recreation. There are innumerable stories, novels, and essays. The historical works are supplemented by numerous historical studies, writers going far and often into recondite topics for their themes.

The invention of the short story and the disuse of the long novel—that old method of massing together a great number of characters upon one stage in an artificial scene—taking a single character, a single motive, and sketching it rapidly and concisely, depicting life in some moment of sentiment, of enthusiasm, or of passion, or in a single scene or situation, has brought

about a dramatic whole, available for the uses of the rapid generation in which it has had its principal vogue. The short story has the dramatic quality, the apparitional power, of the drama itself, and might, if used, restore to comedy and tragedy some of the literary element which has long been lacking in the play of the day.

This new fashion of story-telling has not enjoyed the credit of the full-grown novel or romance, but, looking over the course of American fiction, it is curious to see that nearly all the novels have been written after a prelude of short stories by their authors.

The poets and essayists have given to literature meditations, idyls, reveries, saunterings, and songs on nature; for the love of nature in America is not an academic convention, not an acquired taste, but a natural possession, an innate feeling. The feeling for nature is not a sense of ownership, but of fellowship. The minor literature now referred to is pervaded by this relationship, which is a friendliness with nature. We delight to express this emotion of the heart for the thousandth time, until it has become the warp and woof of verse and essay; the bird, the flower, the sky, the brook, the

sunshine—these are as vital as ever was the chivalry of the Middle Ages or the heroism of the wine-dark sea of the distant Greek poet.

The profession of letters not being a distinct one, what takes its place is rather a profession of scholarship. There is an ever-increasing number of men devoted to intellectual pursuits like the ministry, education, the law, medicine, who are at the same time authors.

The clerical profession, as one might reason from the ancient meaning and application of the word "clerk," contributes by far the greater number of writers, except, of course, writers of newspapers. It has the most leisure from its public duties, and is prone to declare its views on any subject with less timidity than any other class of men, except, again, journalists. But the clergyman has been busy in the lighter form of literature, and has written prolifically on current and political topics, essays on art, literature, travel, fishing, history, and many have added the novel and the poem to the score.

From a careful estimate, it may be confidently stated that fully 25 per cent. of authors, from the beginning of the colonies till now, have been clergymen. Of these, the Congregational ministers are the most numerous, being, ap-

proximately, $5\frac{9}{10}$ per cent. of the whole 25 per cent. The Methodists come next, with $3\frac{6}{10}$; the Presbyterians with $3\frac{5}{10}$; the Episcopalians, $3\frac{4}{10}$; the Unitarians, $2\frac{8}{10}$; the Baptists, $2\frac{7}{10}$; the Universalists, $1\frac{3}{10}$; the Reformed Dutch, 1; the Roman Catholics, $\frac{4}{10}$, with the Quakers, Swedenborgians, Lutherans, Campbellites, and Irvingites making up a total of 25 per cent.

Next in number to the clergy stand those who, for want of a better term, are classed as educators—presidents of colleges, universities, and other schools; professors, instructors, and teachers—a body of men who stand sponsors for learning and culture, and who have among them some 11 per cent. of the authors of the United States. Their works are more closely related to scholarship than any other.

Closely related to the orations, the state papers, and the legal and constitutional utterances, which are of great weight and value, and which, according to the inclusive custom of the world, are literature, comes the work done in those investigations, studies, and conclusions bearing the term "history." And criticisms will doubtless attach greater weight to the historic work than to any other department of American letters of the last half century.

Next in order, the legal profession has the most authors to its credit, some 8 per cent. The books produced by the legal profession are not solely, though they are mainly, upon legal subjects, the wilderness of statutes in our States and the Federal Government, and the multitude of decisions, which really constitute the law, rendering it profitable to publish guides and expositions of law in great numbers. It was stated recently that in the last year more works had appeared on law than on any other topic except fiction. Journalism, with its coördinate divisions of editor and publisher, has about the same rate as the law. It is to be remarked, however, that in literature journalism has been a stepping-stone to a successful literary occupation aside from the newspaper.

The next prominent class is that of the physician and surgeon, with some 5 per cent. The doctor has shown a decided tendency to become a naturalist, perhaps to produce, or at least understand, his own simples, and a novelist perhaps to medicine the souls of his patients; at any rate, we owe him many a literary incantation.

And then Hypatia and Sappho, Madame de Genlis, and Elizabeth Fry, and Jane Austen,

and many another have come in a literary reincarnation, so that fully one-eleventh of the literary names are those of women. What proportion of the whole literary work—that is, the whole number of books—has been done by women cannot be ascertained. We may be certain that their number is rapidly augmenting. But, beginning with Hannah Adams, the first woman to adopt literature as a profession, in Massachusetts, down through a long list of letter writers like Abigail Adams, of educators, translators, poets who have stirred the heart and wrought well, we have reformers who have had the courage of their convictions, writers of tales, charming stories, novels of love, of travel and observation, and sentimental poems, hymns, even battle hymns, serviceable in their day, with romance that has gone around and around the world, and that once, in a shining instance, Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," upset a good part of it.

There are three classes of authors whom we class as poets, verse writers, novelists, story writers, and essayist in the lighter veins, which are so closely related that we might almost class them as interchangeable in the machinery of literature; though to be a poet and to be the

author of a published book is not always the same. To be fair to the poet we should count all those who have dropped a tear in the corner of the newspaper, or heaved a sigh in the magazine—sometimes, indeed, to fill space. There is much in the work of the past in America that assures us that creation in literature is limited to no time, is dominated by no standards, but rises unbidden in conditions unprecedented. Happily, we do not have to account for it. We can explain Emerson no more than we can the summer sky. We can account for Hawthorne no more than for the wind that bloweth where it listeth. And we know no more how our songs and hymns and psalms came than we know how birds sing, or why.

Mark Twain

In Riverdale-on-the-Hudson and in Hartford, Conn.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Born in Florida, Mo., in 1835.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog. 1867.
The Innocents Abroad. 1869.
Roughing It. 1872.
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. 1876.
A Tramp Abroad. 1880.
The Prince and the Pauper. 1882.
Life on the Mississippi. 1883.
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. 1885.
A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. 1889.
The £1,000,000 Bank Note and Other Stories. 1893.
The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson. 1895.
Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. 1896.
Following the Equator. 1897.
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. 1900.

Mark Twain in his Study at Riverdale.

I

Mark Twain

In Riverdale-on-the-Hudson and in Hartford, Conn.

COULD the gods of merriment and laughter be imagined as dwelling not only in the man in whom they have incarnated themselves, but in his immediate neighborhood, the picturesque community of Riverdale-on-the-Hudson must be now peopled with the jolliest crew of imps and sprites that ever yoked together since fun began. For the most famous humorist of America, and of the world, has set up there a shrine, temporary though it is supposed to be.

An account of Mark Twain in his various homes would be a theme rich enough for a whole volume of absorbing interest. It would be a miniature panorama of American scenery, cities, and communities, North and South, East and West; at one extreme pioneering and frontier life, at the other the most cultivated society in America. We should have a comprehensive exhibit of American character, life,

manners, and customs such as no American author but Mark Twain possibly has known.

Born in 1835 in Missouri, working at his trade of printing in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York, a pilot on Mississippi River steamboats, a silver miner and an editor in Nevada, a reporter, gold miner, and again a reporter in California; a correspondent in the Hawaiian Islands, an editor in Buffalo, then finally committed to authorship, and becoming a resident of Hartford, where he had two homes, with a summer residence at Elmira, and another in the Adirondacks; a great traveller beyond his own country in lands old and new—he would seem to be a cosmopolitan, at home in all places, exemplifying throughout his life the characteristic ability of the frontiersman to land anywhere on his feet.

A near kinsman quotes him as saying that he can be contented anywhere if he does not have to move, while his friend of many years, Dr. Frank Fuller, says he has lived more and in more places than any one he ever knew. Dr. Fuller has said: "You can never hope to picture the mining camp structures of this dear fellow or the hardships of his Pacific Coast life." In "Roughing It" Mark Twain has

described one of these mining camp homes—a small, rude cabin built in the side of the crevice of a cañon and roofed with canvas, a corner being left open "to serve as a chimney, through which the cattle used to tumble occasionally at night, and smash our furniture and interrupt one's sleep."

In striking contrast with this mining cabin was the beautiful house in Buffalo, given as a wedding present to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens by the bride's father, Mr. Jervis Langdon. It had all been kept a secret from Mark Twain, who was shown through the brilliantly lighted house, mysteriously filled with kinsmen and friends, till finally the young wife broke out, "It's ours—yours and mine—a gift from father!" With all eyes turned curiously upon him, his own eyes wet with tears, his voice choking with emotion, he replied, his thoughts spontaneously expressing themselves even here in the form of humor: "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right up here, and bring your bag with you. You may stay over night, if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent."

In this reply one feels the secret of that carrying force which has given Mark Twain

his place in American letters. The form of his perception is humorous. He instinctively clothes a thought or feeling in humorous guise, but he sees more than that aspect of things, and, paradoxical as it may sound, exercises a high degree of restraint in the very act of exaggeration.

When he finally relinquished journalism for authorship and went to Hartford, he lived in the house of Mrs. Isabel Beecher Hooker until he had built his own house. This beautiful and costly residence, designed by Edward Tuckerman Potter, stands on a picturesque slope on Farmington Avenue near the Park River, which runs through Mr. Clemens's grounds, making a loop so near the house that from the windows one almost fancies the land on the further side an island. In the spacious library there is a fine old oak mantel over the fireplace, which Mr. Clemens brought from a house in Scotland.

Over the fireplace is an inscription in brass, which, in a measure, explains why this house and the library in particular became a notable centre of hospitality. The inscription reads: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." This room achieved a distinc-

tion for sociability and hospitality, which still elicits eloquent appreciation from the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, though it is now a decade since they have occupied their Hartford house. In the evenings they gave themselves and their time to entertaining friends, and were agreeable to a degree which, perhaps, was exceptional among literary people. They had many distinguished visitors—authors and actors—whom they shared generously with their friends, not in evening *soirées*, but at dinner parties, to which enough were invited to make a large gathering. Mr. Clemens, with his inexhaustible fund of stories and his inimitable way of telling them, entertained his guests for hours, and there were no moments of dullness.

The machinery for all this entertaining, according to one of the neighbors in Hartford, was managed by Mrs. Clemens. She had a great faculty for carrying on the household and family. The house was very charming, and the entertainments agreeable to everybody. Mrs. Clemens had the faculty of giving the dinner party, and Mr. Clemens embroidered it.

After the children were grown they used to have plays—neighborhood dramas—in which

Mr. Clemens took part. They acted some of Shakespeare's plays, and brought out "The Prince and the Pauper" with great elaboration. Mr. Clemens appeared in it. They had a regular stage improvised, and scenery. On the evenings of holidays they had the custom of having large parties, in which every one took part in charades. Mr. Clemens was the principal promoter of these.

One never saw him smile in telling a story. He always preserves a look of seriousness. He makes his point, but does not accompany it with a smile. With a great deal of truth it may be said that his house was one where a great many people with wants called. The neighbors' impression was that these wants were all pretty carefully investigated and responded to generously and conscientiously. The family wanted to be liberal and just, and do everything they possibly could do for every one.

Mr. Clemens was one of the most domestic of men. Certainly he was the most domestic man in Hartford, or anywhere else. It would hardly be possible to exaggerate this. He went out very little. He was almost always exclusively at home. He played billiards a good

deal. Through the day he would play alone; in the evening with his friends.

Probably it is no news that he smoked more than twenty-four hours in the day. He went regularly to church every Sunday with his wife. Coming out from church he would sometimes light his cigar before he got out of the church porch.

His mother once visited him in Hartford. She was a very old-fashioned person, and he was careful not to say or do anything which he thought would shock the very strict religious convictions he knew her to have had in previous years. One day she said to him, "Samuel, don't be so careful. My sentiments are the same as yours," at which he was thunderstruck. She had the same drawl in her speech which he has. He came honestly by it.

He was very kind and sympathetic in the neighborhood. He visited informally among the people, and was always welcome and exceedingly entertaining. While out walking he would improvise poetry when moved by some sight—the trees, for instance. Once he was walking when there had been an ice storm, and the trees were glittering with ice. There was a long exordium. It was very impressive.

One winter he read the works of Browning to a class of ladies. It proved him to be a great reader. They saw Browning as they could not have done without his dramatic interpretation. It was very powerful. One could not say he missed his vocation by being an author, but he would have been a great actor. He would have had just as great success on the stage. His secret is force. He strikes a tremendous blow. It can't be avoided.

The feeling in Hartford for the Clemens family is one of warmth. Generally, newcomers have to wait a long time for social recognition. It was not so in their case. They were at once taken into everything, and with the greatest cordiality. There is a very general regret at their absence. If they should come back, their house would become again a centre of hospitality, and Mr. Clemens's appearance there in any public capacity—a dinner, or the like—would be the signal for great pleasure. They are a pair, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens; they work together.

In the billiard-room at the top of the Hartford house, where Mark Twain did much of his writing, is a small writing-desk, with a few book-shelves filled with miscellaneous books—

works of history, and the French books of that old friend Ollendorff. On the walls hang a few prints—one of Gutenberg, and some illustrations by Remington. In a little window behind a photograph of an autograph-covered programme of a complimentary dinner given to Salvini at the Brunswick, New York, in 1883, the visitor found framed, with an old-fashioned postage stamp inclosed for reply, a letter requesting Mr. Clemens to write an article on housekeeping a hundred years hence. On the wall near the door, in a frame, hang the original checks paid to Mrs. Grant for General Grant's "Memoirs." The first reads:

No. 313. NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1886.

NEW YORK NATIONAL BANK.

Pay to the order of Mrs. Julia D. Grant, Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

$200,000. C. L. WEBSTER & Co.

Beneath the second reads:

No. 169. NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1886.

MT. MORRIS BANK.

Pay to the order of Mrs. Julia D. Grant, One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.

$150,000. C. L. WEBSTER & Co.

On the opposite wall hangs a water-color plan of elevation of Mark Twain's favorite study, the den in the rocks at Quarry Farm, Elmira. This study, designed by Alfred H. Thorp, Mr. Clemens formerly occupied in the summer when the family were at the Langdon place. His intimate friend, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, put the writer in possession of a description of this vine-covered study in Mark Twain's own language:

"It is the loveliest study you ever saw. It is octagonal, with a peaked roof, each face filled with a spacious window, and it sits perched in complete isolation on top of an elevation that commands leagues of valley and city and retreating ranges of distant blue hills. It is a cozy nest, with just room in it for a sofa and a table and three or four chairs; and when the storms sweep down the remote valley, and the lightning flashes above the hills beyond, and the rain beats upon the roof over my head—imagine the luxury of it!"

Here the "Tramp Abroad," begun at Heidelberg and continued at Munich, was completed or rewritten, for he was so dissatisfied with the first draft of the book that he was inclined to abandon it altogether.

During his sojourn in Hartford Mark Twain often ran down to New York. A pretty tale is told of his return home one afternoon with a young lady who was then taking a course of study at Smith College. On leaving the Grand Central Station Mr. Clemens had a seat in the parlor car between her, whom he did not then know, and another woman, who was elderly. The latter desired the window opened, and Mr. Clemens came to her assistance. On reaching the Park Avenue tunnel she wished it closed, and again he assisted her. When the train entered the Harlem lowlands she wished it open, and again Mr. Clemens was polite. After entering the open country beyond the Bronx a strong wind came into the car, and she asked to have the window closed, which Mr. Clemens promptly had done. Meanwhile the Smith College girl, turning in her chair, had been unable to suppress a smile. Mr. Clemens, observing this, remarked in a low voice: "I've travelled all over the world, and have met this woman before."

From that time until New Haven was reached Mr. Clemens entertained the undergraduate with characteristic sallies of wit. After the train slowed up at that station he and she

emerged from the car for sandwiches, but lingered at the counter until the train had started without their knowing it. Seizing her hand, Mr. Clemens at his best pace ran after the train, pulling mademoiselle, and with much effort leaped to the steps, assisting her to rise ahead of him. Once aboard the train, he told her who he was, she having suspected, but not knowing for a certainty. Many years have passed without another meeting. The two are now near neighbors on the Hudson. They not infrequently come to town by the same train.

Since his return to this country after a long sojourn abroad, Mr. Clemens has been before the public on many occasions, notably at dinners given in his own honor. He has abandoned lecturing. At Princeton in commencement week, when asked for a few remarks, he said he never again expected to appear on the platform "unless by invitation from the sheriff." In discussing municipal affairs in New York City during the Seth Low campaign, he remarked that he "was acquainted with more policemen than an honest man ought to know." When speaking at the St. Andrew's Society dinner where Mr. Carnegie presided, he referred to Mr. Carnegie as "Lord

Rector of Dublin." Some one reminded him that St. Andrew's was the university of which Mr. Carnegie was Lord Rector, whereupon he observed: "I did not suppose he had gone up so high as that. Why should he be a Lord Rector anyway? There's nothing ecclesiastical about him. But he probably does not care so long as the salary is satisfactory."

Mr. Clemens has a rule with regard to being interviewed, which has made necessary the writing of this article without quoting him. But his kindness and hospitality have made obvious the reasons for loyalty and enthusiasm on the part of his friends. "Make all the charges you want to against me," said he in his fun-provoking drawl. "That's all right. Anybody has a right to his opinion of me, but don't say I said this or that."

Winston Churchill

Near Windsor, Vt.

BY MR. CHURCHILL.

Born in St. Louis in 1871.

The Celebrity. 1898.
Richard Carvel. 1899.
The Crisis. 1901.

Mr. Churchill's Home.

II

Winston Churchill

Near Windsor, Vt.

STANDING on the terrace of Harlakenden House, Mr. Churchill's New Hampshire home, and gazing out over the beautiful Connecticut Valley, across which lies Windsor, Vermont, the visitor's thoughts turned involuntarily to Abbotsford and the outlook upon the Tweed. Why this was so, however, it would be difficult to say, as neither the house nor the landscape resembles Sir Walter's home save in the most general way. Perhaps, however, it was not so much the physical aspect of Harlakenden that recalled Abbotsford as the manner of life which it was evident was being led there. To all intents and purposes Mr. Churchill's existence is that of a majority of the members of the landed gentry of Britain. Horses, dogs, hunting, tennis, books, friends—these fill out the hours of the day in most delightful manner, and account for all but the inner imaginative life whose record is presented to us from time to time in the form of "Richard Carvel" or "The Crisis."

Descending from the train at Windsor, Vermont, the visitor crosses the river, that broadens out to noble proportions at this point, and marks the boundary line into New Hampshire, and turning sharply to the left, follows the stream northward four miles, by a gently ascending and descending road, past the former home of C. C. Beaman, law partner and son-in-law of Senator Evarts, to the unmarked entrance of Mr. Churchill's holdings. On this little journey, as the name of Evarts throngs back upon the memory, perhaps the visitor will recall a famous story of that great lawyer who rose to be Secretary of State in the Cabinet at Washington. One Thanksgiving day here in Windsor, with his large family around him, Mr. Evarts said at the close of the dinner: "My dears, when we sat down you all had before you a goose stuffed with sage. Now you may behold a sage stuffed with goose."

"There seems to be no lack of society round here, does there?" I remarked to the village jehu who had met me at the train, and who, unlike the general New Englander, was disposed to be pessimistically communicative.

"No; there's plenty of swell folks round," he replied, "the kind when you see you've

got to get out in the bush and take your hat off. There's Mr. Churchill now on the tennis court."

By this time we had "laid behind us," as the Germans expressively say, nearly a third of a mile of the private road of the author's estate, that winds between open pasturage fields on the right-hand side, and a forest of leprous white birch trees and evergreens on the other. Catching sight of us, Mr. Churchill came forward in his flannels, with the quick, short, decided step that he did not lay aside on leaving the navy. He is tall, nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and devoid of unnecessary flesh. His alert eyes are brown and his complexion dark; altogether he does not resemble his "likenesses." The crisp mountain air seemed to create a want felt by all those disapproved of by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and we repaired to the house to suppress it.

Winding gently upward through the trees that flank it on both hands, like lines of "side boys," the road leads one by a semicircle into sudden view of the house, which is perched on a slight eminence just at the jumping-off place. The effect is telling. In the shape of an ob-

long with the rear side missing, the low, red brick structure, built in the style of architecture of Queen Anne's reign, with horizontal chalk-like lines of white mortar, has the air of opening its arms to welcome the visitor. Entering, one stands within the great hall-like baronial room that evidently does service as general gathering place for the guests whom Mr. Churchill is fond of collecting around him. "They've been building for two years, and they haven't finished yet," I had been informed by my cicerone of the wagonette; and on first impression I wondered that in this time Mr. Churchill had not been able to build a more spacious residence.

A few minutes, however, convinced me of the deceptiveness of first impressions, the great pleasant rooms offering an expanse entirely out of keeping with the apparent size of the house when seen from the outside. The dining-room and the five other rooms in the north wing are wainscoted in oak, which also forms the heavy beams of the ceiling, so dark that for a moment the visitor wonders if it be oak, after all. This is the work, it seems, of a French architect who, through experience in restoring old French chateaus, has learned the secret of

coloring the fresh wood so as to accord with that left over from former centuries.

"Come out here on the terrace before it gets dark and see our view," said Mr. Churchill, opening the glass doors leading on to the west balcony, that is flush with the sward. Two hundred feet below lies the beautiful expanse of valley and river, and beyond the green hills of Vermont lift their heads to the sky. Save for the ennobling influence of nature, one could not but feel a pang of jealousy at the good fortune of the owner of this garden spot, that covers nearly two hundred acres along the river side.

The twilight air, however, was frosty, and reëntering the house we left the great hall and passed through the small adjoining reading and writing-room, and, descending a short flight of steps, entered a pleasant morning room opening into the music hall that runs nearly the entire length of the north wing. Forty feet in length and twenty in breadth, this room, with its ancient tapestries and modern glittering waxed floor, calls for the complement of light-flitting feet and gleaming shoulders and merry laughter. And when the dancing is over, what delightful *tête-à-têtes* in the adjoining billiard-room or the

host's little study, that seems built on at the end as an afterthought. After we had entered the sanctum there was but little room for aught but the furniture, which consisted of the author's double table desk and a small desk for his stenographer and typewriter, and a stand bearing a row of booklike holders marked "letters." On the wall hung a portrait of Lincoln, whose presence permeates "The Crisis."

By a strange coincidence I had known of the writing of "Richard Carvel" and of the Colonial legal questions involved in the book during the early stages of its growth, as the problems therein arising in connection with the will had been submitted by the author to my brother for solution, in order that all possible legal pitfalls might be avoided. This was a step characteristic of the painstaking care which not only "Richard Carvel," but also "The Crisis," bears upon its face. During our conversation a copy of the latter work lay open upon the author's desk, to which he had evidently been referring in the planning of his next book, which is to form one of a series with the two others.

"If the question is not indiscreet, Mr. Churchill," I said, "I should very much like

to know what work you are engaged on now."

"Well, I can't tell you precisely what my next book will be, as I don't want the period in which it is placed to be known. You see, I work so slowly that some other writer might easily get ahead of me, and that would cause me no end of trouble. Still, I don't mind telling you about it in a general way. My idea is to write a series of four or five interconnected novels, showing the great forces which have gone to the making of this country, and ending up with a book dealing with the contemporary life around us. There are to be a couple in between 'Richard Carvel' and 'The Crisis.' I wrote 'The Crisis' second, instead of waiting for it chronologically, as I had had the good fortune of talking with many of the veterans of the Civil War and with men who had known Lincoln intimately, and I wanted to get that material into shape without loss of time."

"You are a graduate of the Naval Academy, are you not, Mr. Churchill?"

"Yes, I was graduated there in '94. Like a great many other boys, I went to the academy, so to speak, by accident, and although it

didn't take me long to decide definitely that I was not meant for the navy, I determined to finish the course anyway. Right after graduation, however, I resigned to take a position on 'The Army and Navy Journal,' with which I remained four or five months. Then one day when I was up at the 'Cosmopolitan' office, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, I saw Mr. Walker and asked him to give me a position, and he did so."

"Without knowing anything about you? That was thoroughly American, at least. You would never have got a job in Europe in that manner."

"No, I know I shouldn't. However, that was the way I got with the 'Cosmopolitan.'"

"And how long did you stay there?"

"Several months; and then, the managing editor resigning, I was placed in his position, which I held for three months before I, too, resigned. I never worked so hard in my life as I did in those three months. After that, however, I made up my mind that the only way was to cut loose and do something on my own account."

"That seems to be the only manner in which one can rise nowadays, doesn't it? Be-

sides, there is very little danger of one's actually starving, although one may suffer hardships by the process."

"Well, I don't know about the safety from starving if you are absolutely without means. I shouldn't much care about trying it."

"One of the very first books I ever reviewed, Mr. Churchill," I said, "was 'The Celebrity.' That was your first book, was it not?"

"Yes, that was my first published book," said the author, with a deprecating laugh, as though speaking of a child in whom he felt no great pride. "I wrote 'The Celebrity' really for recreation, as a relief from 'Richard Carvel,' which I then had in hand, and which I hardly felt myself strong enough to finish. There is quite a story connected with the writing of the end of 'The Celebrity.' I went to Europe in 1896 and left the incomplete manuscript in the hands of a friend, solely for safe keeping. To my astonishment, while in England, I received a letter from him saying that the Macmillans had accepted it and were awaiting the end of the story. I was busy running around at that time studying old castles and abbeys, and, as you can imagine, not at all in

sympathy with a flippant American story such as 'The Celebrity.' However, I decided to stop everything else, and sat down in Edinburgh and finished it and sent it off, but with the lurking feeling that it would not answer. And sure enough, a month or so later in Normandy I received word from New York to that effect, together with the suggestion that I write another ending. So again I sat down and wrote a new ending and sent that off. But this wouldn't answer either.

"On my return to America I saw Mr. George P. Brett of the Macmillan Company, and he urged me to complete the book. 'You won't take my advice, I know,' he said, 'but by all means finish it, even if it seems trivial to you.' So I rewrote the whole story, although it was like drawing teeth to do so, as I had entirely lost interest in it. And two years later I sent it in again, together with the first five chapters of 'Richard Carvel.' 'The Celebrity' was immediately accepted and also 'Richard Carvel' on the strength of the chapters submitted, and because I had stuck at the other book. After that not a single member of the Macmillan firm ever saw a page of the remainder of the manuscript of 'Richard Carvel,' as it

was sent in chapter by chapter and set up immediately."

"Was 'The Celebrity' Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Churchill?"

"No, indeed. At the time I was living a very retired life. I had never met Mr. Davis and knew nothing about him. So that I was thunderstruck when the reviewers all came out and charged me with caricaturing him."

"When I read the book," I said, "there never was the least doubt in my mind that it was intended for him. It was a strange coincidence."

The talk then drifted to America and Americanism, especially as typified in President Roosevelt. "I chanced to be with the Vice-President when the news of the assassination of President McKinley came to him," said Mr. Churchill. "It was at Isle La Motte, in Lake Champlain, at the annual dinner of the Vermont Fish and Game League. It was not a political meeting, but it came very near being one, and there was much Roosevelt enthusiasm in the air. There were four or five of us who spoke to about a thousand people in a large tent. After the Vice-President's speech there was an informal reception on the lawn of Governor Fiske's

house there, and it was during this reception that the news came by telephone of the attack on the President.

"I wish that the American people could have seen Mr. Roosevelt under those circumstances. Some people have been found calling Mr. Roosevelt emotional. I wish that these could have seen him then, in this most trying moment, when his whole future career was at stake. No man ever held himself better in hand. His career seems to promise as remarkable an example of destiny as any in our history."

Edward Eggleston

At Lake George, New York

BRYAN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

BY DR. EGGLESTON.

Born in Vevay, Indiana, in 1837.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster. 1871.
The Circuit Rider. 1874.
Roxy. 1878.
The Graysons. 1888.
History of the United States and Its People. 1888.
The Faith Doctor. 1891.
Duffels. 1893.
The Beginners of a Nation. 1899.
The Transit of Civilization. 1901.

Edward Eggleston at his Desk, Lake George.

III

Edward Eggleston

At Lake George, New York

ON the west side of Dunham's Bay, the most beautiful spot on the shores of one of the most beautiful lakes in the world—Lake George, to wit—Edward Eggleston makes his home. He goes away during the winters—to New York, where he haunts the print shops in search of illustrations for his works; to Washington, where he almost lives in the Congressional Library; to Madison, Indiana, where a large part of his boyhood was passed, and, during the rigors of winter, to comfortable points in the South, where the climate ameliorates his gout and the people amuse him.

In Madison he has an apartment to which he has only to apply his latch-key in order to set the household wheels in motion. There he drives about over the beautiful Ohio River hills, or trudges on foot after the manner of his boyhood, or wheels himself on a tricycle bought

in England—the only vehicle of the sort ever seen in those parts.

But Edward Eggleston's home is on Dunham's Bay, Lake George. There are his household gods, for there is the really wonderful library which he has spent more than a quarter of a century and a great sum of money in collecting, in Europe and America, partly in aid of his work, but in another large part in mere satisfaction of his passion for quaint and curious reflections of human ways of living and thinking as they appear in literature.

His books are in all languages, and he reads them all indifferently. For in his youth, having made himself master of Greek, Latin, and French without anybody's instruction, he entered upon a compact with himself that, no matter in what language he should find anything that he wanted to read, he would read it, and that compact he has kept to the letter.

His house is a curiously rambling structure. It is, in fact, three houses, built independently of each other and connected only by afterthought covered ways. He began it nearly a quarter of a century ago, when within less than a stone's throw of his daughter's residence he built a home for his books, he living at that

time with his daughter. He built of such stone as the neighborhood afforded, curiously varied in color, shape, and character, but every block possessing at least one straight side or edge. A local stone mason with a marked genius for his business fitted these stones together into walls that are to-day the admiration of every beauty lover who visits the place, and the despair of all kodak fiends, because their films refuse to make truthful report of the exquisite colors of the stone.

Later he built a cottage to live in—also of the native stone. Still later he has built another structure, for the sake of larger room and greater convenience. His friends laugh at him for requiring three houses in which to live when his family consists only of himself and his wife. He joins in the laugh and is happy.

That word, indeed, is the dominant note in his life. He is happy. Some years ago, when he was stricken in a way that threatened—though mistakenly—the early end, he wrote to me, saying: "I am content and happy. I have had a life of enjoyable activity. I have been permitted to render some service to my generation. I have lived. If the end is near, I have neither reason nor disposition to com-

plain. On the contrary, I shall be happy to the end, and in the end."

His immediate surroundings are of the most intimate character. The Dunham's Bay shore has been rigidly reserved by its original owner, Dr. Eggleston's son-in-law, as a family residence region. There are only five cottages in all those beautiful lawns and woodlands. Only one of them is the home of a household not closely related by blood to the family, and that household is so intimately connected by other and lasting ties of friendship that it scarcely constitutes an exception. For the rest, the little settlement includes the cottages of two of Edward Eggleston's daughters, and that of his brother, myself. Then there is a stretch of woodland—wild and free—northward to that Joshua's Rock, which gives its name to the neighborhood and to the post-office. Beyond, on the open lake front, are five other cottages, owned and occupied by Edward Eggleston's nearest friends.

These are his surroundings, and he is very happy in them. In spite of his gout, he retains that old boyish passion for tramping which half a century ago made half-savages of him and me —haunters of the hills, explorers of all the

caves, friends and companions of all the trees, lovers of the woodlands, swimmers in every "deep hole" of every creek and "run," botanists acquainted with every growth, amateur geologists who knew where to find trilobites when we wanted them, and how to show the shell formations of our rocks by patient polishing. But his walks now are brief in distance and duration, because of his infirmity. The boy who used to regard a forty-mile tramp as a gala day's endeavor, finds half a mile or a mile quite enough for the man in his sixties.

He knows every flower that blooms in the mountains round about his home, every rush and every grass that bringeth forth its seed in the marsh that stretches far away to the south, with a winding ribbon of creek to hold it together, as it were. To all of them, and to all the birds that live among them, he pays visits, not of formal obligation, but of love. He knows every nook in the hills, every bend in the creek, and to most of them he has given fitting names of his own devising.

But mainly his walks are within the little, lovely neighborhood of his home. He loves to wander among the cottages that neighbor him closely and to sit in their piazzas, in intimate

and affectionate converse with those who are nearest and dearest to him. He goes bareheaded, of course. Everybody in that region does. But his bare head is crowned with an aureole of shockily abundant white hair, which submits itself to no restraint of comb or brush, but riots as the neighboring pines and chestnuts do in a liberty of growth that knows no law or limit. He walks about in rubber-soled "sneaks," usually. How else should he get over the great smooth, outcropping rocks, covered as they are with glassy pine needles?

His house stands upon the border line between a grassy lawn, studded with richly teeming fruit trees, and an aboriginal forest of giant pines, and "murmuring hemlocks." The fruit trees lusciously tempt you as you look out of his windows to the south. The huge chestnuts shower their frost-ripened fruitage in your face as you look to the north, while the pines and oaks and hemlocks beyond remind you that nature is older than man, and immeasurably more dignified.

Edward Eggleston works in the morning, when he works at all. Often he doesn't work at all. In the afternoon he walks and potters.

He used to go out on the lake. He was a famous sailor in those days, but he has dismantled his sailboat, and now rarely cares even to ply the oars. He still keeps some good boats, mainly for the enjoyment of his friends. Now and then he fishes. What wholesome-souled man does not? And when he hooks a black bass, all there ever was of youth in him comes back, and the enthusiasm of that play of rod and reel and line recalls the time when he was a boy on the Ohio River, and divided his time about equally between boyish enjoyment of life as it is and premature philosophical speculation as to life as it ought to be.

His house is everywhere full of open wood fireplaces, and these are usually blazing with sweet-smelling logs. There are furnaces and the like to keep the house warm, but the open fires are quite independent of these "modern inconveniences." When it is cool he likes to sit before an open wood fire, for the sake of its genial heat. When it isn't cool, he likes to sit before an open wood fire for the sake of the ventilation it brings in through the open windows. In any case he has the open wood fire, and his young grandsons, who purvey the wood for that indulgence, have fat personal purses as

a consequence when they go back to Cornell to resume their studies in the autumn.

The dominant trait of the man is a limitless generosity. He is generous of such money as he possesses, but that is the very least of it. He is even more profitably generous to others of helpful influence, of sympathy, of inspiration, and of that good-will that counts for so much more than merely material help.

In his literary work he revises intolerably. His manuscript, when it leaves his hand, is a Chinese puzzle. It is crossed out and "stetted" and interlined to the borderland of madness. Often the interlineations extend themselves up and down the pages, and in and out such vacant spaces as the author finds in his manuscript, until he who reads has sore need of a surveyor, with all his instruments, to guide him in the unraveling of it all. The handwriting is cramped and almost microscopic, and the task of "setting" the matter from such "copy" would be the despair of a printer dependent for his livelihood upon the number of "ems" he could set in a day. But Edward Eggleston recognizes all this. He sends his "copy" to a typewriter trained to interpret the intricacies of his interlineations. She makes a fair and clear copy of

it all. Then he interlines and distorts that clear copy nearly as badly as he did the original; and when the printers have managed to make out his meaning, he sets to work upon the proofs and treats them as badly as he did his own original manuscript.

In old days, so long ago that I refuse to reckon the lapse of time, he wrote novels for a periodical of which I was editor. In order to get the paper out on time I used to find it necessary sometimes to suppress his second proofs entirely. I wonder, now and then, what the angels will do when he sends in the final revises of his life's work? Perhaps they will say, as I used to say to the printers: "Let it go at that. It is good enough as it is."

S. Weir Mitchell

In Walnut Street, Philadelphia

BY DR. MITCHELL.

Born in Philadelphia, in 1830.

In War Time. 1884.
Roland Blake. 1886.
Far in the Forest. 1889.
Characteristics. 1891.
When All the Woods are Green. 1894.
Collected Poems. 1896.
Hugh Wynne. 1896.
The Adventures of François. 1897.
The Autobiography of a Quack. 1900.
Dr. North and His Friends. 1900.
The Wages; and Other Poems. 1900.
Circumstance. 1901.

IV

S. Weir Mitchell

In Walnut Street, Philadelphia

VERY few men have been able to live long enough to master highly more than one trade. S. Weir Mitchell may be regarded as the marked exception to prove the rule. Not so many years ago he was spoken of as a famous physician who was also an author. To-day, at seventy-two, the "Dean of American novelists" is known as the famous author who is also a great physician. To a certain extent this was also true of Dr. Holmes, though the Bostonian pursued both his literary and medical work from practically the beginning to the end of his adult days, while the Philadelphian devoted the energy and thought of thirty years to his profession before he turned to make a name equally as great, and, as authorship always does, more widely known, as a shining name in the commonwealth of letters. It is to be added that in this course he was guided by the advice of Dr. Holmes himself.

An early incident in the life of the young medi-

cal student who was hesitating between two professions, in both of which he was destined to become famous, has often been told. He had sent a portfolio of verse to Ticknor & Fields, the famous Boston publishers of a generation ago. They referred the manuscript to Dr. Holmes, who advised the poet of twenty-seven to make secure his position in medicine before attempting literature. Thus it came about that Weir Mitchell turned his undivided attention to the profession in which his father, himself a physician and professor of note, as well as an author of some success, had predicted he would fail.

For twenty-five years he worked and studied, practised, and wrote. Experience in the Civil War directed his attention to the care and cure of nervous diseases, and he began those especial researches which resulted in the "rest cure," and brought him world-wide fame. More than a hundred publications on physiology, toxicology, and various physical ailments bear the name of S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., as witnesses to his labors during a quarter of a century. Then with half the world acknowledging the weight of his authority, he turned his attention to literature. He had well lived up to the

advice of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

The scholar, the scientist, and the man of affairs all appear in Dr. Mitchell's looks and manners. Well above medium height, but slightly bowed, his gray eyes, keen but kindly, look out on one from beneath prominent brows, and speak as clearly of human sympathy as of something more than human powers of penetration. His hair and beard are snow-white and rather thin. His voice is deep, his hand-grasp hearty, and his smile as captivating as his ever-ready wit.

In every tone and movement is shown the refinement of the cultured man, the ease of one possessed of long experience and assured position. Yet there is constantly in evidence an enthusiasm which gives the lie to his years, and a modesty so genuine and sincere that it is next to impossible to hear of Dr. Mitchell's doings and opinions from Dr. Mitchell, while an "interview" would be out of the question. It is, however, eminently characteristic of the man that his refusal to speak for publication comes so gracefully and is so wittily worded that the applicant leaves the Walnut Street house in Philadelphia with an indefinite feeling

of flattered self-satisfaction rather than the sense of disappointment which comes later.

The doctor's office is—a doctor's office. The study which opens from it is the room of the man of letters. When one passes through the heavy green portières that mask the double doors, it is like turning from the pages of "Wear and Tear" to one of those later volumes in which a public which knew only of Weir Mitchell, the physician, have found and learned to love Weir Mitchell, the novelist and poet. A riding crop on a chair near the door, and an unjointed salmon pole standing in the corner reinforce the glimpse of the world out of doors which comes through the two south-looking windows, and suggest the sportsman who rides afield at Bar Harbor and wades the streams of Canada. But on every hand are evidences that here is the workroom of the man of letters, in which all else is forgot.

Bookcases surround the room, save where the windows, the fireplace, a deep couch, and a table piled high with papers intervene. Before the grate and in the centre of the room is the master's desk, generous as his opinions, and book-laden. On it and the bookcases and the table at the side are souvenirs brought back to

Philadelphia in the summer of 1901 from the Far East. There are curios, paintings not yet framed or hung, bronzes and porcelains, most of them from that land of babies and blossoms, Japan.

Philadelphia tells three good stories of Dr. Mitchell. There is that one of his referring to a certain noted German specialist for a medical opinion, and the foreigner, who had not caught his caller's name, referring him back to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, as the one man best able to answer his query. There is that other one of "Hugh Wynne's" first success, when Richard Watson Gilder returned from Europe to find every one in "The Century" offices reading the unbound sheets of the novel, as it was to come out in book form, and how, captivated as they were by the story, it was decided to hold the book back until the tale could first run its course as a serial in the magazine. Lastly, there is that example of propriety, if not of fine justice, in those readings from his poetic drama of "Francis Drake," from which Dr. Mitchell raised a sum sufficient to purchase and preserve the site of that colony of Raleigh's which was once relieved by Drake.

Those who know Dr. Mitchell most inti-

mately have much to say of his vast and special knowledge of abnormal human nature. His long years of medical research and practice have afforded exceptional opportunities for acquiring such understanding, and Dr. Mitchell seems to have made the most of every chance and to have missed nothing essential. In the days of the Civil War, when he walked the wards of the Philadelphia hospitals, he began to read and study human minds and hearts. To-day he divines human motives unerringly, and along with, if not actually above, the genuine literary merit of his work, is ever present a psychological interest of high value.

For this reason much that Dr. Mitchell has written is semi-autobiographical. "Dr. North and His Friends" and "The Autobiography of a Quack" are obvious instances of this. The author of "A Madeira Party" had given just such at his own board, and the man who wrote "Characteristics" had himself been the life, in wit and philosophy, of scores of such conversations. The Philadelphia of "Circumstance" is the very town where Dr. Mitchell has lived and worked, and where he heard from the lips of participants the stories of "Roland Blake" and "In War Time." Even "Hugh

Wynne" and "Far in the Forest" and "When All the Woods are Green" are scarcely to be excepted, for the Canada of the last is the author's annual Mecca when the salmon are running, and the Pennsylvania timber lands of "Far in the Forest" are quite near enough to their historian's home to stand for a personal knowledge of their fastnesses.

As for "Hugh Wynne," it is to a majority of those who know him only through his books, Dr. Mitchell himself. For years the story had been growing in his mind, perhaps since Mistress Olivia Wynne moved across his pages with "Roland Blake," back in 1884. He had almost literally lived in the Philadelphia of the days of André's "Meschianza" and Washington's winter at Valley Forge. He knew from delving here and there just what buildings had antedated the prim brick and marble fronts of to-day; how the passers in the streets were dressed, of what they talked, and whither they were bound. So he came to his writing. He was personally acquainted with Revolutionary days and doings, one may say. By residence, by kinship, by marriage, and by descent "Hugh Wynne" was eminently and properly the story for Dr. Mitchell to tell. When a man's father

is named for the architect of old Christ Church and Independence Hall, that man has good claim to retell the tale of the days of their glory.

Dr. Mitchell's literary output has been large. In addition to the novels and shorter stories already mentioned, are about one hundred and twenty-five works of greater or less size on scientific and professional subjects, fully twoscore essays and occasional addresses, seven volumes of verse, and two children's books—in round number, a total of one hundred and eighty-five. The children's stories suggest the student of natural sciences, the poems tell in every line of the scholar, the broad-minded, cultured gentleman who has made such familiar contributions to American literature.

Edwin Markham

On Staten Island

BY MR. MARKHAM.

Born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852.

The Man With the Hoe; and Other Poems. 1899.
Lincoln; and Other Poems. 1901.

A Corner in Mr. Markham's "Den."

V

Edwin Markham

On Staten Island

WESTERLEIGH, STATEN ISLAND, the home of the author of "The Man With the Hoe," is a delightful place when once reached, despite the fact that the settlement perpetuates the principles, if not the nomenclature, of "Prohibition Park," its baptismal name. It is popularly supposed to be an hour's travel from the foot of Broadway, but it all depends upon whether you reach the ferry just in time to see the boat swing gracefully out into the stream, and whether the trolley car at the island end of the journey is blocked by one of the numerous beer wagons that infest the neighborhood. On the occasion of the writer's visit to Westerleigh the former fate was reserved for him; the latter for Mr. Markham, who had been called to New York to attend to certain details in the publication of his new volume, "Lincoln; and Other Poems."

"I always have a good excuse for being

late," he said, shaking hands in cordial Western fashion when he had at last arrived. "I was detained by beer, by a whole wagonload of it."

When you have met Mr. Markham, it is easy to forgive him for having kept you waiting two hours. He is big and hearty in manner, at least, although in stature but little over average size.

"That is the coldest and most unsympathetic of all the poets," the visitor said, pointing to the picture of Tennyson that hangs near the entrance to the study door, and thinking how much more concerned about "the federation of the world" his host seemed than the man who wrote the sonorous line.

Mr. Markham lives in a cosey little house on the left-hand side of the way as you come from the trolley, just on the limits of civilization; beyond are the woods, the swamps, and mosquitoes. On the left of the entrance is the reception-room, and beyond this, toward the rear, the pleasant dining-room, with its outlook upon the greenest of swards and a distant clump of forest patriarchs.

"We always place guests at table so that they face that window," said Mrs. Markham,

as she forced me willingly to submit to a second helping of some culinary production of her inventive genius; "that's our prize view."

Above, in the second story, is the poet's study, lined with books, which seem to have settled upon the dwelling like the locusts of Biblical fame; it must surely be a difficult place in which to attempt to write—voices of prose writers and poets of to-day and yesterday rise in chorus from the shelves in reminder of the sweets awaiting the sipping of "the bee mouth." The visitor was fortunate enough to espy immediately his host's treasure, a beautiful three-volume edition of Keats, handy to his writing desk, and admiration of the English poet was an immediate passport to Mr. Markham's confidence. Framed on one of the walls hangs the original newspaper production of "The Man With the Hoe," which rendered him famous, and at the far end of the room is a counterfeit presentment of sturdy Walt Whitman, with his disheveled locks and burning eyes.

"Walt Whitman," said Mr. Markham, in speaking of the prophet of Camden, "certainly formulated many great truths, and in his formless way expressed certain moods and feelings that could have found expression in no other

way so well. It is foolish, however, to regard him in the manner in which he is regarded by many of his followers, as the greatest man of the Christian era, the prophet for whom America has been looking, the poet of our expectations. Undoubtedly, he often permits himself puerilities, but, on the other hand, he sometimes gives voice to a magnificent truth that thrills one, or, as Emily Dickinson said, gives you 'zero at the bone.'"

Screens of infrangible construction render Mr. Markham's front porch a comparatively safe place for human beings in summer, as the relentless army of mosquitoes is thus reduced to sweet-sounding innocuousness. Sitting here in the waning light, his visitor watched his host gradually, imperceptibly fade until only a blot on the surrounding dark. His hair and beard took on their ancient swarthiness, and the clearness of his clean-cut, classic profile blurred into the uncertainty of night. Even the light of his wonderful eyes, that leap into sudden fire at the touch of inspiration, sank and went out before the universal obliterator. Nothing was left but a voice calling across the void.

"I have great hopes for American literature," said the voice. "Without any very

tangible grounds for my faith, I believe we stand at the threshold of a great revival of literature,—in this country especially, but also in other countries as well, that will have a broader basis and deeper note than anything the world has ever seen. If you will notice, in the past the great movements of mankind have always gone in waves, and the literature of different periods was the outcome of these mental and political upheavals. Thus, at the end of the last century came the revolutionary movement in America and Europe, followed in this century by the revolutions of '30 and '48, and by the freeing of the slaves in America and in Europe, and by the American Civil War. Naturally, all these great disturbances influenced the writers who lived through them or followed after them, and their works reflect the spirit of the times in which they were written. Well, the problem of the present age is the emancipation of labor, and before that is accomplished the world is likely to see such a struggle as it has never before witnessed.

"I don't mean a physical struggle in which blood will be shed, but it will be none the less intense. Painfully, slowly the workingman learned how to spell one word—namely,

r-i-g-h-t, and now he has learned to add an 's' to it. You and I may not live to see the end of this movement, although it may, perhaps, come much sooner than we expect; but it is sure to bring in its train a literary renaissance that will have humanity entire as its study. Formerly literature concerned itself exclusively with kings and queens and lords and ladies, and if our interest was ever by any chance solicited for a peasant or man of the people, he was certain in the end to turn out to be a prince in disguise. The literature of the future may, perhaps, discover that the workingman is the prince in disguise."

"I think I can see some signs of a new literary movement in this country," the visitor said, "although as yet perhaps only premonitory. Certainly, however, we have made one unmistakable advance in gaining a broader choice of subjects, in emancipating ourselves from restriction to the purely so-called 'literary' subjects."

"Yes, that is true," replied Mr. Markham, "and I think I can see an advance also in the quality of the poetry one sees in periodicals today. This, of course, is not a poetical age, but undoubtedly more people read poetry now-

adays and talk about it than a few years ago."

"And yet what are the chances for a man to live exclusively by the writing of poetry? How many men could do it?"

"Well, I suppose perhaps six men in the United States might gain a modest livelihood by verse at a pinch. I presume I might do it myself if I tried, but I certainly could not have done so until within a few years, since I wrote 'The Man With the Hoe.'"

"How did you come to write that poem?" the visitor asked, desirous of learning of the genesis of a really great production.

"Well, I had always been interested in such subjects, and had read a good deal about them even as a boy on a ranch in the West, and had often thought of writing something of the kind. About fifteen years ago a print of Millet's picture which he calls 'Labor; or, the Man With the Hoe,' fell into my hands by accident, and I saw that he had been grappling with the same problems that had troubled my mind. The picture took deep hold on me, and one day I sat down and made a rough draft of a poem on the subject. I laid it aside, however, and for ten years did nothing with it. But then in

San Francisco, where I was Superintendent of Schools, I saw the original of Millet, and in talking about the picture with a young friend of mine who is now a literary editor, he said to me, apropos of previous sociological discussions: 'There, that is the type of man you are in search of for your poem!' So I hunted up the original draft again and set to work and got it into shape.

"After I had written it my wife asked me where I intended to send it, and I replied nowhere, that it was too drastic for any periodical. She thought differently, however, and, as it turned out, she was right. One evening soon after I was asked to read something at a literary gathering, and as this happened to be the only thing I had with me, I read it to them. After I had finished there was absolute silence, and I thought it had fallen flat until one of the editors of 'The Examiner' who was present broke out into enthusiastic approval. A few days later he came to see me and asked me to give him the verses for publication in the paper, which I did. They 'featured' it, as you saw upstairs, and pretty soon requests began to arrive from all over the country for permission to reprint it, not only from news-

papers, but also from magazines such as 'The Outlook' and 'McClure's.'"

"Do you think there is anything in the complaint of Western writers, Mr. Markham, that Eastern editors discriminate against them?"

"Absolutely nothing, so far as my experience goes. Just ask yourself how you would feel about such matters, if you were an editor. Do you suppose you would care a farthing whether an article or a poem came from New York or the Philippines, if it was good? Well, I am sure that is the way with editors. I know. I wrote for years for the Eastern magazines, such as 'Scribner's' and 'The Atlantic Monthly,' while living in the West. And I published my first book of poems, also while in San Francisco.

"By the way, there was rather an interesting story connected with that. Before writing 'The Man With the Hoe' a New York publishing house had accepted a volume of verse from me, but as they were not able to get it out at the time agreed, they offered to let me make other arrangements. For some unexplained reason, I wrote to them to send the manuscript back, and then, when 'The Man With the Hoe' had made a success, I decided

to incorporate that in the book. So I had several of the poems copied a number of times, and sent them simultaneously to different publishers, asking if they desired to make me an offer on them as a sample. From these I selected the best two, one of them, Doubleday & McClure, saying what they would give me.

"Three days passed, but still no answer from the other house. At last, however, came their offer, which I decided to accept, mainly owing to their English connections. So I telegraphed to Doubleday & McClure, saying I had closed with another publisher, but for some reason which I have forgotten I deferred sending a telegram of acceptance to the other firm. Back came word from the Doubleday & McClure house: 'We have already set to work on your book; it will be out in thirty days.' I was more inexperienced then than I am now, so I thought if they had actually set to work on it, I might as well let them have it; so I telegraphed acceptance, and to the other firm that I had made other arrangements."

Laurence Hutton

In Princeton, N. J.

BY MR. HUTTON.

Born in New York City in 1843.

Plays and Players. 1875.
Literary Landmarks of London. 1885.
Curiosities of the American Stage. 1891.
Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh. 1891.
From the Books of Laurence Hutton. 1892.
Edwin Booth. 1893.
Portraits in Plaster. 1894.
Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem. 1895.
Other Times and Other Seasons. 1895.
Literary Landmarks of Venice. 1896.
Literary Landmarks of Rome. 1897.
Literary Landmarks of Florence. 1897.
A Boy I Knew and Four Dogs. 1898.

A View in Laurence Hutton's Library.

VI

Laurence Hutton

In Princeton, N. J.

THE home of Laurence Hutton would seem naturally to fall within the central limits of a great town. Of the books he has written, half a dozen pertain to the literary landmarks of such centres of life and culture, while his other books are mainly devoted to topics that belong distinctly to places having great aggregations of population—the lives and the art of players. And so it is that Mr. Hutton was not only born in New York, but here he grew up, and here, until 1898, was his home.

But this is true no longer. Princeton claims him now—that town which a university not only dominates, but in which there exists nothing which has not some close relation to a university and its needs. Here one finds an atmosphere cultured and intellectual in all its parts, a home fit for scholars and men of letters, as are few towns outside of Oxford and Cambridge. Distinction in some form the visitor

may meet at almost every turn, in Princeton. It may be on the campus, on a street corner, or along the highroad; it may be in the Princeton Inn or at the station. Perhaps it is Francis Patton or Woodrow Wilson; perhaps Henry van Dyke or Grover Cleveland; perhaps the distinction which belongs to men of the world and of fortune who are book collectors and patrons of the university—George A. Armour, or Junius S. Morgan, Allan Marquand, or Moses Taylor Pyne.

Here, after living out some fifty of his years in New York, Mr. Hutton went to dwell in a stately and commodious house of colonial design remodelled and improved by himself. It stands apart from the town, with rolling and distant hills for the utmost borders of his view from the rooftree, the battlefield of Princeton within range in one direction, the towers of the university forming part of the sky line in another.

The house, catching the first ray of the morning sun, is called "Peep o' Day," from the ancestral home, which faces the German Ocean, on one of the most easterly points of Scotland. The present library, some forty feet square, with a high vaulted ceiling, is approached by a

descent of six broad steps, with crowded book-cases on each side of them. Opposite this single entrance is a great fireplace, filled with huge logs, blazing when the weather permits. The walls, with these two exceptions, present an unbroken line of books; the windows, on three sides, coming down only to the upper shelves, five feet from the red-carpeted floor. The spaces above the shelving are literally papered with framed portrait-prints and photographs; all autographed, all personal, and all of the makers of books. There is, except a portrait of the author's father over the mantel, nothing in the room which does not relate to literature, or to literary workers. The effect is one of simple, solid, unpretentious comfort and refinement.

When Mr. Hutton's books are read with thoughts of the place where he wrote them, it is not, however, of Princeton so much as of West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, that the reader should be reminded. Eighty years ago a venturesome capitalist, unknown to present fame, exploring the region which is now Thirty-fourth Street, reached a spot fifty paces west of Seventh Avenue. Impelled by some god or goddess of arts and letters, he bought a parcel

of ground and built a substantial house of brick. At the end of half a century it was "the only house on the block." But the location finally caught the fancy of other home builders, and the old house secured neighbors of costlier make and more modern model.

In 1859 the father of Laurence Hutton became owner of that pioneer house. He was a successful merchant, with instincts literary and artistic, which he proceeded to gratify. From that time until two years ago, this house, more, perhaps, than any other in New York, has been a wayside booth for pilgrim genius and an abiding-place for things which genius in its travels leaves behind. Varied in character and countless in number, these literary and artistic curios (for the most part, footprints of famous people who have passed the threshold) cannot be even briefly described in any assignable space. One class of them—the collection of death masks now at Princeton University—was able to supply material filling dozens of magazine pages with illustrations and text, leaving the subject still unexhausted. Richard Harding Davis and some others, after an evening there, caused to be printed in startling type a

placard announcing: "Hutton's Continuous Performance. Doors Open 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. 34th St., near 7th Ave."

This poster adorned the entrance to one of the rooms. On the walls of the house, from the vestibule through the library and dining-room, up the stairway, and in the living rooms, "workshop," and bedrooms, hung portraits signed or written upon by the originals. Verse and prose in autograph, never printed and for which printers beg in vain, also hung there, quaintly framed, along with memorabilia of famous men and women. But all these have now gone to Princeton.

Mr. Hutton's book shelves in Princeton stand in orderly array, but their contents are varied. There are first editions, autograph copies, and fine bindings; and there are the curious, the almost weirdly queer, conceits of authors and publishers since the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. There is a collection, said to be the finest owned privately in this country, of *belles-lettres* and essay literature of the eighteenth century. There are what Mr. Hutton calls "working books," and there are books of dramatic criticism, stage lore, travel, and biography, and a vast amount

of current fiction. There are guide books with commonplace exteriors, which reveal, when opened, marginal pencilings by travellers who know and are known.

Save where personal comfort plans otherwise, there is nothing modern in the furnishings of Mr. Hutton's house. Tables, chairs, clocks, divans, sideboards, beds, the thousand and one things we have for daily use, are old in the historic sense. With each thing there is some fact, fancy, place, or person coupled. The tie is stronger the further it stretches through the years.

To go into detail, there is a portrait, or rather caricature, of Thackeray drawn by himself and given to Mr. Hutton by John Crerar. The likeness is admirable in a way, but the body is shaped to form an hour-glass, and the legs are those of a skeleton. Underneath is written in Thackeray's hand, "There is a skeleton in every man's house." Elsewhere hangs the original of the only portrait in America of Sir Walter Scott, taken from life, the work of Gilbert Stuart Newton.

Originals may be seen of works by Darley and Tadema; an autographed portrait of Carlyle never engraved; a drawing in India ink by

Robert Fulton, called "Love's First Interview," and signed "R. F., 1804"; a shell cameo of the head and bust of the elder Hutton, said to be the earliest work of the sculptor St. Gaudens, done by him when an apprentice at the age of seventeen; the head of a stag shot by General Custer, that was given to Mr. Hutton by Kate Field; casts, from nature, of many famous hands—Carlyle's, Stevenson's, Thackeray's, Whittier's, Whitman's, Lincoln's, Rossetti's, Wellington's; a check dated July 23, 1832, drawn upon the Chemical National Bank by Mr. Hutton's father, and the oldest extant draft upon that institution; an album collection of theatrical photographs unequalled in point of quality and rarity, many of the pictures being elsewhere unobtainable; the last letter John T. Raymond wrote, it having been received by Mr. Hutton after the delivery of the telegram announcing the actor's death; a portrait of John Morrissey, done in 1872 at Saratoga by John Brougham, the player; a desk full of autograph letters, among them the coveted Booth autographs, for which, we are told, a large sum of money has been offered, and a photograph of Vedder's picture, "Identity," with autograph, and Aldrich's lines about the picture written in

his own hand. Under his own portrait on the wall Walt Whitman has written:

> The whole wide ether
> Is the eagle's sway,
> The whole earth is
> The brave man's fatherland.

In one place is a caricature of Charles Reade, whereon he wrote in 1877 that he was "glad there is no photo of me, for it would be enough sight worse." Mark Twain is in evidence with a framed letter, delightful in humor, with the envelope addressed to "Laurence Hutton at the Hotel Royal, Venezia. To be kept till the cuss comes." Lester Wallack, ill to death, sent his portrait, and wrote beneath it, "I will limp to you as soon as may be."

By what necromancer's charm has Mr. Hutton made and bound fast the ties between all these different people and himself? The charm of literary gifts is his; but it is not that in him which makes the Princeton undergraduates shout their college slogan in his honor when he appears on the campus. Nor was it that which guided Edwin Booth's steps to Hutton's house as "his other home" whenever the actor came to New York. Every player of note and every

writer of Mr. Hutton's generation has found his way to the house on Thirty-fourth Street, and, having found it, has gone there many times.

More celebrities have, probably, been guests there than in any other dwelling in New York. John Fiske wrote much of his "Myths and Myth Makers" there. The scenes in Brander Matthews's "A Mysterious Disappearance" and in Julian Hawthorne's "Beatrix Randolph" are laid there, and Mark Twain, Kate Field, and many others have sat at Hutton's desk to write. Richard Watson Gilder, Brander Matthews, Charles de Kay, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George Parsons Lathrop, Richard Henry Stoddard, and H. C. Bunner met in this house to form the American Copyright League. The first business meeting of The Players was held there, and there also were born the Kinsmen, and, if memory serves, the Dunlap Society, which was organized for the republication of forgotten dramatic literature.

In the man himself, as much as in his talent, lies the charm which has made people bring gifts to his house and meet there rather than elsewhere for common purposes. There is an indefinable something in some men which we

vaguely call good-fellowship. If one were asked to be explicit in describing Laurence Hutton's good-fellowship, he might say it possessed the rare quality of discovering and enjoying what is best in everybody and everything. Clever people may not always recognize the best that is in themselves. They are quick to appreciate the friend who does recognize it, however; and his unselfish discovery is sincere flattery that binds them to him with hooks of steel. This quality of discernment must be instinctive; a natural growth, not a hothouse flower. That it is instinctive with Mr. Hutton is apparent. "A Boy I Knew"—the boy, of course, being the impressionable Hutton in the days when Thackeray took him on his knees and blessed him; and when, to escape parental rebuke, he raced homeward from the theatre on the stroke of ten at night, before the curtain fell, and "not knowing whether Damon killed Pythias or if Claude Melnotte came back from the wars"—this boy, as the man is now, was quick to be impressed by the good and clever, and slow to notice the rest.

In connection with the birth of the Kinsmen in Mr. Hutton's house, it may be said that this is a most unique organization. Though its

many living members have international reputations, and those deceased include Booth, Barrett, Locker-Lampson, Randolph Caldicott, H. C. Bunner, William Black, Charles Dudley Warner, and Du Maurier, it has rarely been talked of or written about. It is not a club. It has no constitution, officers, or rules. Lawrence Barrett at the first meeting said its purpose was the association of the kindred arts, whereupon Mr. Hutton proposed the name Kinsmen, which it bears. A man becomes a Kinsman by being invited to eat at the table where any number of Kinsmen are gathered by previous appointment.

These feasts are irregular in occurrence and scattered in location; and are elaborate or primitive as occasion may determine. One in London in 1883 is commemorated by a composite pen-and-ink sketch, the original of which was bequeathed to Mr. Hutton by James R. Osgood. The picture, signed by each artist, shows an elaborate head-piece, drawn by Alfred Parsons; an immense punch bowl, conceived by George H. Boughton; a multitude of bottles and cigars, by Linley Sambourne; a typical John Bull uncorking a fresh supply of liquid, by George du Maurier, and Brother Jonathan

in the act of pouring oil upon the troubled, strong waters, the creation of Edwin A. Abbey.

In the library of Mr. Hutton's house has long been kept the tracing of an ancient Scottish lintel, upon which was carved in 1720 in rude letters, the sentence, "They Have Said. And They Will Say. Let Them Be Saying." It is not a bad motto for the workshop of a man whose work, sometimes, leads men to "Be Saying."

Goldwin Smith

In Toronto, Canada

BY PROFESSOR SMITH.

Born in Reading, England, in 1823.

Irish History and Irish Character. 1861.
Lectures on Modern History. 1861.
England and America. 1865.
The Civil War in America. 1866.
Three English Statesmen. 1867.
William Cowper. 1880.
Canada and the Canadian Question. 1891.
William Lloyd Garrison. 1892.
An Outline of the Political History of the United States. 1893.
Oxford and Her Colleges. 1895.
The United Kingdom. 1899.

Goldwin Smith in his Library.

VII

Goldwin Smith

In Toronto, Canada

HIDDEN in the heart of the older section of the city of Toronto, the home of the author who is often acknowledged to be the greatest living master of style using the English language, presents a rare illustration of *rus in urbe*. Surrounded on all sides by quiet streets, the low red walls, which protect without too jealously concealing it, inclose a picture that one would hardly expect to come upon outside of old England. Indeed, it is perhaps the only house of this thoroughly English type to be found in America. It is a counterpart of those little mansions around English country towns that in former days were social centres.

From the open iron gates spreads a vast sweep of lawn, shaded by splendid trees—elms, oaks, and maples, whose perfect proportions testify to generations of unfettered growth. The lawn slopes gently upward toward the house, to

which you proceed by a curving gravel path leading to a flight of broad stone steps.

The Grange is built of brick now blackened with age, and almost buried beneath the interlacing vines that have climbed from foundation to roof. It presents a plain, two-storied front with projecting wings, and without being in any sense imposing, conveys the pleasant impression of ample room and comfort.

A dignified man-servant having responded to your ring, you enter a spacious hall richly furnished with pictures, tapestries, glass cases filled with rare china, and some wonderful chairs and settees carved out of black walnut. To the right are the drawing-rooms, to the left the dining-room, beyond the broad staircase, and everywhere in bewildering profusion are objects either of artistic or historic value and interest.

The Grange is one of the historic houses of Canada. In the days preceding the securing of responsible government, when the country was ruled by the famous Family Compact, a small oligarchy which controlled not only all the Government offices, but nearly all the business of the Province of Ontario, the Grange was the favorite meeting-place of the members

of the compact, and many a time did they hold high revel in its handsome dining-room or earnest consultation as to the best method of maintaining their ground against the persistent aggressions of the popular party.

To Prof. Goldwin Smith it has come through marriage, and it certainly seems fitting that a place possessing such associations should be occupied by one who has made the history of the English people his special field of study, and has taken so profound an interest in their colonial development.

The man-servant, having taken your card to the master of the house, he presently appears, and greets you with gracious dignity. Very tall and spare, Prof. Goldwin Smith, despite the slight stoop that befits the student, and the manifest marks of time in his grave, dark countenance, hardly conveys the idea of his actual age, for he is only one year short of being an octogenarian. His eye is keen, his voice full and steady, his movements brisk, and to all appearances there may be many years yet ere the summons hence shall come to him.

After a brief tour of the drawing and dining-rooms he leads the way to the study, built by himself since coming into possession of the

property. It forms the right wing of the house, and is a long, lofty room, with three great windows looking out upon the lawn, and having a southern exposure that insures the pleasantest light. Books in well-ordered array cover the walls from floor to ceiling, and there are convenient chairs and desks, but in the centre is a rather unusual piece of furniture for a study, to wit, a big English billiard table.

It was covered with a cloth, and bore piles of papers, which were evidently being examined, and, presuming that this was its chief use, the visitor remarked upon the ample accommodation it afforded.

"Oh!" replied Professor Smith, "that is only a temporary arrangement, and you would be surprised to see how quickly those papers can be cleared away. I have many a good game upon that table."

The western end of the room was filled by an imposing fireplace with an overmantel richly carved in oak, and having this inscription from Cicero, so appropriate to one who has made history his life-work, *Magna vis veritatis qui facile se per se ipsa defendat* ("Great is the strength of Truth, who is easily her own best defender").

As may be readily imagined, the contents of the closely packed shelves have little to do with light literature. History, philosophy, and theology are most fully represented, with such slight concession to fiction as certain sets of standard novelists would imply.

From this handsome, congenial room the former Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford and the present Emeritus Professor of History at Cornell University continues unceasingly to give to the world, either through the medium of journals and reviews, or from time to time in more enduring book form, the ripe results of his study, experience, and cogitation concerning the political and theological problems which confront humanity. That he should do so to the neglect of purely literary subjects is a matter of much regret to all who are familiar with his "William Cowper" and "Jane Austen," and who would hail with pleasure and gratitude similar studies so delightful and satisfying.

Reference has been made to Professor Smith's connection with Cornell University. It began more than thirty years ago, and one of the corner-stones then laid of the library of that institution was a gift from Professor Smith of his

own library of historical literature. At Ithaca, Professor Smith long had a home. With all his English reserve, there was no man in the faculty more popular than he with students who, one and all, knew him among themselves as "Goldie." On the campus of Cornell in those days he caused to be erected a long seat of stone with this inscription carved upon it, "Above all nations is humanity."

"Have you any work of special importance in course of preparation at present?" the visitor asked, with a glance at a pile of manuscript upon the desk by the window.

"No—nothing of an extended character," was the answer. "I occasionally write an article for the reviews upon some subject that appeals to me, and contribute regularly to 'The Farmer's Sun.' I am also making a revision of my political histories of England and of the United States, which I hope to complete if my health permits, but beyond that I have nothing on hand, and no special plans for future work."

The marvellous multiplication of books nowadays came in for comment. "There would almost seem to be more books than readers," he said; "but upon the whole it is a good sign. By far the greater proportion of what is being

printed is at least harmless, though much of it may not be particularly helpful, and the greater the number of readers the wider the circle of general intelligence."

The literary criticism provided by some of the leading American papers came in for his approval, and he considered it a good sign of the times that there should be a wide appreciation of such work. In connection with this subject mention may fitly be made of the striking manner in which Professor Smith has just proved his profound interest in the intellectual development of his adopted country by giving, on behalf of himself and his wife, the sum of $10,000 to Toronto University, to be expended upon the library in such manner as the university authorities may deem best. In the letter accompanying the gift reference was made to the millenary of King Alfred, the legendary founder of the donor's old college at Oxford, and it was stated to be intended as a tribute to the restorer of English learning, as well as a mark of interest in the university.

Although his advanced years compel the professor to take life easily, he is in no sense a recluse. He both gives and attends many dinner parties during the season, at which his brilliant

conversational powers render him the central figure. He is also the originator of the Round Table, a group of men who have made their mark in the fields of finance, education, and art, and who dine together monthly in order to discuss some question of the day; and, as evidencing the catholicity of his interest in human activity, he was recently seen in Toronto a pleased spectator at a contest for the amateur athletic championships of Canada, in which representatives from England and the United States, as well as from home, took part.

Professor Smith spends the greater part of the year at the Grange. He finds the harsh Canadian spring somewhat too trying, however, and usually goes to Lakewood for the months of March and April. How serene is his view of life as he draws near its close may be gathered from his remark to one who was congratulating him upon having attained his seventy-eighth birthday.

"According to the Psalmist, if by reason of strength our years be fourscore, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, but I must say that while I have found mine full of the first they have been free from the second."

John Bigelow

In Highland Falls-on-the-Hudson

BY MR. BIGELOW.

Born in Malden, N. Y., in 1817.

Molinos the Quietist. 1877.
France and the Confederate Navy. 1888.
A Life of William Cullen Bryant. 1890.
A Life of Samuel J. Tilden. 1895.
Franklin's Autobiography [Editor of]. 1889.
The Complete Writings of Franklin [Editor of]. 1887–89.
The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden [Editor of]. 1885.
The Mystery of Sleep. 1896.

John Bigelow at his Desk in Gramercy Park.

VIII

John Bigelow

In Highland Falls-on-the-Hudson

THE home of Mr. Bigelow, "The Squirrels," a quaint, charming old mansion, looks out over the Hudson River, across a lawn that sweeps to the steep edge of the cliff. Far below at one's feet railway trains dash along, slowing up for a stop at Cranstons under the hill. The rambling village on the cliff is called Highland Falls.

Within the library, the most important and interesting room of all, because of the tastes of the master, stood to welcome the visitor a sturdy, white-haired, white-whiskered man, whom diplomacy, literature, and journalism have known for more than fifty years. Mr. Bigelow is still young at more than eighty, his enthusiasms undiminished.

His greeting had a triple grace, as uniting that of a Frenchman of the old school, an English gentleman, and an American of the best stock. That indefinable *savoir faire* of the man who has lived at European courts and dwelt

with books was present. Besides all this there was the light humor of one who had fought and won his battles, and is yet active in the world. Such men are not often met to-day. They will be rarer yet in the time to come. The ceaseless hurry of life brings age to many a man before he is fifty.

The day was a day in summer. He was dressed in an immaculate suit of linen or madras, loose woven and loose fitting. The garments gave his ample proportions an air of distinction. The spacious room suited its occupant. A long, narrow writing-table stood not far from two windows opening, in French fashion, on the lawn. A sofa was near-by, with a light rug thrown over it. Beyond were a few curios and small pictures over the mantel. All else was books. It was a library indeed. And yet on these shelves were only a small portion of the twelve or fifteen thousand volumes that constitute Mr. Bigelow's collection. Others are in New York, or are scattered about in nearly every room of the Highland Falls house, or are standing in a unique building to be described later on.

"At my time of life," said Mr. Bigelow, "one has naturally collected much, and books

keep collecting of themselves. Owing to my position in the New York Public Library, catalogues constantly keep coming to me. I often cannot resist the temptation to buy.'' Stepping across the room, he brought back a slim little volume. '' Lord Houghton, Richard Monckton Milnes,'' he said, '' whom I knew, whose works I thought I knew, and yet I never had heard of this volume. It is a rare little book, and you see here in front a letter from Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library, who has a wonderful knowledge on matters of this sort, and can answer any question. When I received the book I wrote to Mr. Eames, and here is almost a history of how Lord Houghton came to write it.''

It suggested a chapter of history to recall that this man, along with William Cullen Bryant, had edited '' The Evening Post '' ten years before the Civil War; that during the sixties he had been American Consul at Paris; then had become *chargé d'affaires*, and later was United States Minister to France. His home in Gramercy Park, New York, had been a famed centre of entertaining, a gathering place for those who were interested in art, literature, and science a quarter of a century ago. Fifty

years had embraced these events, and yet here was the survivor fresh and vigorous.

As a country gentleman set in perfect surroundings, and leading an ideal life, John Bigelow to-day impresses the visitor. "The Squirrels" for some years has been Mr. Bigelow's principal home. The old Gramercy Park house, one of the broad and deep city mansions of a former time, altered now into a house having a basement-front entrance, has sometimes been rented, a late occupant having been Spencer Trask. "The Squirrels" is, however, frequently deserted for weeks or months. The master has spent summers at Mount Desert, winters in Washington, and has gone abroad.

He purchased the house and grounds in the fifties and occupied it, going in and out each day while one of the editors of "The Evening Post." It is a delightful dwelling. From the lawn which runs to the edge of the cliff, where little platforms have been erected, there is a clear drop to the river and railroad. To the south the rocks abruptly end. A deep and wooded valley lies in the foreground, with a panorama of the Hudson stretching far beyond. Northward extends the Hudson's lordliest sway, the culminating stretch from Cranstons to

Newburg Bay, beginning at Peekskill. No country place on the river has a more remarkable panorama spread before it. Here are the Highlands, and here, there, and everywhere traditions and legends abound. A more fitting resting-place for an American man of letters could not well be imagined.

"I have always been planning to build," said he, as the two stepped from the house to cross the lawn, under superb trees, accompanied by a little Spanish terrier, her master's constant companion, who follows when he walks, lies quietly in the library when he studies, and takes up with great sedateness the seat alongside the coachman when he drives.

"This house, you see—some of it—is very nearly a hundred years old," he said. "The rest was added somewhat later. It has always been a wish of mine to erect a great mansion here, directly on the edge of the cliff, so that its piazzas would look out on the river. I have always wanted to put up a landmark—a great stone house—that could be plainly seen from the boats as they pass up and down. Several sets of plans have been drawn for such a house, one set of very recent years, by Hunt. I first had such a house in mind when I came

to live here. But many things have prevented its building—for one, I was abroad for many years. For another, one does not always have the funds to build a house of this sort. I do not know now whether it will ever be built. But the plans are there, and I know very nearly what I want."

The visitor shook his head. Superbly set as a new stone mansion of this sort would be, grand and lordly on its site, like a fortress at the true gate of the Highlands, the quaint old structure of "The Squirrels," with its dignity of years and its furnishings, seemed far better.

Apart from the mansion stands a plain, wooden structure, white in tone, with a drawing-room on the river side, and an old-fashioned piazza. The library within, where Mr. Bigelow, save for the Spanish terrier, is undisputed master, has as its chief feature bookcases fronted with wire netting, and holding many volumes under lock and key. No description in detail could quite do justice to this collection. It need only be said that it has been for years a working library, and is strong in volumes that relate to public life. Brought together in considerably over half a century, it has continually been thinned out to make room

for fresh books. Mr. Bigelow believes that what a man reads he should own, and so many new books arrive within the four walls of this room, that he finds himself constantly cramped for space. But the greatest task is to find a resting-place for the mass of papers, correspondence, pamphlets, and documents that constantly arrive. One end of the large room is pretty completely taken up with shelves containing cases for material of this sort.

Not many dining-rooms short of those in the historic mansions of Maryland and Virginia have the fascination possessed by that of "The Squirrels." It is a low-ceiled apartment in the oldest portion of the house. A picturesque bowed window opens upon the driveway, at the side of the entrance door. Several pieces of mahogany are in evidence, of a type and fashion scarce these days. At luncheon the table service was of blue china of the order envied by many a housekeeper. He drives a great deal in an easy-springed, two-seated carriage, low in the body and a good mountain climber. This is drawn by two capital horses, which, though they may not have records behind them, can move along at a speedy gait. Only a mile or so away extends the reservation of West Point,

with its bits of military road, and this is a favorite drive to give the visitor, with its stretch of parkland and its range of hills.

"The Squirrels" stands directly in the village, "close by the butcher and the baker," Mr. Bigelow says. But it might easily be a hundred miles away, so far as actual contact is concerned. The house, set back a considerable distance, has not even a gable end visible from the road. Even when rolling up the winding driveway it does not appear in sight until one is almost upon it. Great trees—very nearly a grove of them—hide lawns as well as house. A small white lodge is at the entrance.

Fronting on the road, on the outermost edge of the property, stands a strange-looking structure. Its history is stranger than its appearance. Under the trees behind it are gray stones, cut in many shapes, standing upright. This is a small country churchyard, and the building is an old church that has been made over to Mr. Bigelow, and turned by him to other uses. A Presbyterian church edifice adjoining Mr. Bigelow's had been abandoned. The congregation built a new edifice, and thus had the old church on its hands. There was no other denomination looking for a church edifice, and Mr.

Bigelow was asked to buy it. He needed more living space for his help, and more storage room, and therefore bought and remodelled the church. It thus made a good-sized dwelling-house, and was far enough off not to be obtrusively in the way. The churchyard went with the property, and to-day is, perhaps, the only burial ground not a family one, that is owned by a private citizen.

One room in this remodelled church Mr. Bigelow reserves for his private use. It is used weekly by one of his daughters for the meetings of a village sewing class, and has been made into a supplementary library, or a store-room for books and papers not immediately in use. Every inch of wall is lined with book-shelves. Here are law tomes of past years, and old reports. Huge, bound files of French and English journals of the sixties are pushed into a corner. Great wooden boxes containing papers are piled indiscriminately about. It is to this room that the flotsam and jetsam of the real library keep going.

Richard Watson Gilder

In New York and the Berkshires

BY MR. GILDER.

Born in Bordentown, N. J., in 1844.

The New Day. 1875.
The Celestial Passion. 1887.
Lyrics. 1885.
Two Worlds. 1891.
The Great Remembrance. 1893.
In Palestine. 1898.
Poems and Inscriptions. 1901.

House in which the Authors Club was Organized.
Formerly Mr. Gilder's Home.

IX

Richard Watson Gilder

In New York and the Berkshires

THE man who, since the death of Dr. J. G. Holland, has conducted one of the greatest monthly magazines, and long before that event was the editor of "Hours at Home," and associate editor of "Scribner's Magazine," predecessor of "The Century," is naturally a person who rouses curiosity as to his methods of work. Add to that his literary side, and consider the fact that he gives much time to public duties which many citizens are prone to shirk, and one is surprised at the amount of work he accomplishes, and one asks one's self whether there are many men, even among those who are not compelled to the daily grind of office work, and have no family ties to interfere with their time, who are at once so versatile, indefatigable, and thorough.

For Mr. Gilder is the centre of a large family—brothers, sisters, wife, children—and may often be seen at social entertainments; while his home in town, like his home in the coun-

try, is a place for the assembly of a host of devoted friends—and neither the family nor the friends of a man are apt to be over-considerate of the drain on a busy person's time. It is a question that occurs to all of them, when does he find the time to produce so much and take such a leading part in good works?

To find the place where Mr. Gilder does his work would be as difficult as to say where the swallow is at home or the sea-bird lives. Three if not four homes have successively seen the elaboration of those charming verses which appear from time to time in magazine or book, some of them to become popular favorites enshrined in music, others to be admitted to collections of poetry by Americans.

There is the summer home at Marion, Massachusetts, for instance; a home formed, with slight alterations, from an old ramshackle house on the road to the railway station, overlooking picturesque Sippican Harbor, and backed by pastures and the piney woods, where a studio, standing by itself among the singing boughs, tempts to singing. This old stone oil refinery turned into assembly room and studio was a favorite spot of his some years ago.

Now it is rather Four Brooks Farm, at

Tyringham, near Lee, Massachusetts, where the homestead has been altered to suit the summer needs of a large family and the regular procession of guests. The marvellous air and picturesque drives of the Berkshires have conquered, for a time at least, the long horizons of Buzzard's Bay and the pleasures of the catboat; the charms of the hills near Lenox outbid those of Sippican Harbor.

Then, in New York City, there is the little house where the Society of American Artists and the Authors Club were founded; for Mr. Gilder gave hospitality to those who were determined to bring together the literary and art elements of New York, and thus encourage friendliness and professional generosity among artists and writers respectively. He may be said to have initiated the Society of American Artists. The little "house of the Savings Bank," at first the studio residence of sculptors and painters, though originally built for a stable, has probably seen the creation of more of Mr. Gilder's poetical fancies than any one other place. It stands on the north side of Fifteenth Street, just east of Union Square.

Notwithstanding his slight physique, Mr. Gilder seems more capable of prolonged work

than men of stockier build. It has been his custom to carry at least three trains of work along at the same time—namely, the heavy labor of the editor-in-chief of "The Century Magazine," his private work in prose and verse, and his public work as acting president of the City Club. He is also trustee of the National Arts Club, chairman of the Tenement House Commission of 1894, and officer or trustee of other excellent organizations which take up precious time while doing great good.

Too often for the sake of his own private work is his den in East Eighth Street vacant while he listens to prosy reports on some matter of high public importance, but one that sadly lacks interest and piquancy. Surrounded by his favorite books and quaint or beautiful bits of art, it must be hard for him to leave his study for such affairs, but he is always at the meeting, however dull it promises to be; always helpful with counsel, always ready to support the public-spirited thing and quietly turn aside a suggestion that if followed might lead to inferior planes of action and thought.

It is equally difficult to say whether his town home or his country house is the nearer to him, for if in the Berkshires he misses his library,

yet he finds nature unspoiled, and among the country people discovers characters that appeal to him by their directness of thought. He and his have travelled far and are able to make comparisons which lead them to quiet places favored by nature, where they find kindred souls or soon bring such around them. Nor is it the *littérateur* and the artist alone who gravitate thither.

It is no secret that President Cleveland came to settle at Buzzard's Bay because summers spent near Mr. Gilder's home drew his attention to the quiet charms of this approach to Cape Cod and the fishing grounds that are in easy distance. The very different attractions of the neighborhood of Four Brooks Farm induced the ex-President recently to pass a summer at Tyringham; but while Berkshire streams are not without trout, and Stockbridge Bowl and other lakes are stocked with small game fish, the country is not entirely suited to so strenuous a fisherman as the ex-President.

Mr. Gilder has sung the pastoral delights of Four Brooks Farm as a farmer, for he has furnished with cattle and sheep the acres that rise from the level Tyringham Valley to a point a mile or so up the mountain side where the pine

woods are, a point several hundred feet above Willow Glen. Not without the help of a real born farmer, one of the Berkshire soil, he is making his summer home yield a good income from orchard, garden, poultry yard, and pasture. Such rustic delights are infectious. He has not been able to resist the offer of another place some miles away, an abandoned farm with a tumble-down cabin of a house, just such a place as he has described in "Indoors in Early Spring," which appears in his new book of verse, though it would fit as well the house at the home farm.

> In the old farmhouse living-room
> Four shrunken doors shut out the gloom;
> Two curtained windows hide night's pall·
> These openings six in the ancient wall
> Let in the breeze in seams.
> The air in spark-lit, pouring streams
> From hearth to heaven leaps.
> Against the black of the chimney soot
> The forkèd flames upshoot,
> And the blaze a-roaring keeps.

This neighborhood is not without its literary associations. Who that knows Lenox does not remember the little red farmhouse, now van-

ished, where Nathaniel Hawthorne dwelt and wrote? Who that knows the Berkshires forgets that William Cullen Bryant was a Berkshireman, and that Holmes, Longfellow, Dr. Holland, Melville, and others had associations with the region? Lenox and Stockbridge recall the Sedgwicks and Fanny Kemble. Four Brooks Farm is within easy driving distance of the summer homes of artists, literary men, noted jurists, and others better known in the world of finance. At the same time Mr. Gilder takes interest in the local affairs of the county, as a good citizen, albeit a summer bird, should—though the problems that confront one in Berkshire are hardly so important as good government in New York, or the condition of the populace on the east side of Manhattan.

Charles Dudley Warner's

Home in Hartford, Conn.

BY MR. WARNER.

Born in Plainfield, Mass., in 1829; died in Hartford, Conn., Oct. 20, 1900.

A Book of Eloquence. 1853.
My Summer in a Garden. 1870.
Saunterings. 1872.
Back-Log Studies. 1872.
The Gilded Age [with Mark Twain]. 1873.
Buddeck and That Sort of Thing. 1874.
My Winter on the Nile. 1876.
In the Levant. 1877.
Being a Boy. 1877.
In the Wilderness. 1878.
A Life of Irving. 1881.
A Study of Captain John Smith. 1881.
A Roundabout Journey. 1883.
Their Pilgrimage. 1885.
A Little Journey in the World. 1889.
The Golden House. 1894.
That Fortune. 1899.

Charles Dudley Warner's Home in Hartford.

X

Charles Dudley Warner's
Home in Hartford, Conn.

THERE is one point in Hartford that has more than a suggestion of Edinburgh; this is the glimpse of the main thoroughfare obtained from the higher parts of Bushnell Park in the neighborhood of the Capitol. If the general incline of the street, and the irregular line of roof and spire showing through the trees, do not recall Princes Street as seen from the slope of the garden toward the castle, then memory deceives the writer. In other respects, perhaps, there is no great resemblance, but the former city, if less famous than the latter, has at least one noted group of writers.

It was fifty years ago that the extensive property on the edge of Hartford, known as "Nook Farm," on account of the nooks and bends in the line of the stream that formed its southern border, and which the colonists called Little River in distinction from the Big River, the Connecticut, was bought by two men and laid

out into streets now forming a valuable and interesting portion of the city. Francis Gillette and John Hooker were the purchasers, and both were well known in politics and the legal profession; the former an abolitionist of note, and the latter both an abolitionist and the author of several laws that have mitigated the legal disabilities of women.

These new citizens gave Nook Farm its first celebrity. Later the residence, near these gentlemen, of General Joseph R. Hawley, then beginning his work on a new and surprising thing, a Republican paper, added to its reputation. Mrs. Stowe moved from Andover to Hartford to be near her sister, Isabella Beecher, Mr. Hooker's wife; and the eldest Beecher sister, Mary, also resided in the same locality. Miss Catharine Beecher was for some years a resident of Nook Farm. A woman of intellectual strength and vigor, she is remembered as an educator, and also as the author of two notable works, one attacking the established theology, and the other the established cookery of her time. The books were on different, but, as we suspect, intimately related topics.

Mrs. Stowe's great books had already been

written, and she added her immense celebrity at once to Nook Farm, building a house of considerable size on the lower part of the river among the trees, and residing there until driven out by the growth of manufacturing near her dwelling, when she moved to Forest Street, and that spot thereby became in truth a "literary centre."

Mr. Warner moved to Hartford from Chicago in 1860, to engage in newspaper work with his friend and classmate Hawley, and naturally gravitated to Nook Farm, for both Mr. Hooker and Mr. Gillette were part owners of the Republican paper. Mr. Warner lived during the years of the war in a cottage on the east side of Forest Street, and later, during his early literary period, in a larger house—the "Summer in a Garden" house, near by. He finally took, in 1885, for a permanent home, the house on the west side of Forest Street, which is the subject of this article.

Mark Twain made Hartford and Nook Farm his home after the year 1870, building the well-known house near those of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Warner—the house already referred to in the sketch of Mr. Clemens. Richard Burton also moved to Forest Street and built the house

near Mr. Warner's, which he has until recently occupied.

William Gillette, the actor and playwright, was born in the original old wooden farmhouse, though his father built the present mansion nearly as long ago as William is years old—a date the young ladies need not be told. It is thus that Nook Farm became known, and is now identified as the "literary centre" of Hartford, though it did not contain Dr. Bushnell and his daughters, nor Dr. Burton and his sermons, nor Dr. Trumbull and his Eliot Bible. nor Dr. Barnard and his school books, nor Rose Terry, who lived in Hartford until her marriage to Mr. Cooke; nor did it include the celebrated lyric poet of the Civil War, H. H. Brownell, who lived just across the Connecticut River in East Hartford.

A few years ago Nook Farm seemed out of town, but though a mile and a half from the centre of the city, it is reached in a few minutes by electric cars. The Warner house has all the quiet and retirement of a country place, for it stands far back from the street, on a broad lawn. The house is of brick, of pleasing design, opening to the south, with broad, inviting piazzas. The old forest trees sweeping over it

form a most effective setting. Here and there vistas have been opened, affording a view of the distant western hills. Standing at the edge of the lawn, the visitor is delighted by the sight of the Little River flowing through a ravine, along the banks of which bushes and wild flowering plants grow in profusion.

The visitor who steps from the broad piazza into the house feels at once that it is a home. Mr. Warner died in October, 1900, but no change has since occurred in the exterior of the house or in the grounds, while the interior remains precisely as it was when he departed out of this world. Pictures and books fill the spacious hall which is in the centre, dividing the rooms. The large library is on the left as the visitor enters the hall, and is supplemented by a music-room on the north, in which the second noted occupation of the household, music, is suggested by two grand pianos. The dining-room is on the east side of the hall, opening, like the library, by long windows upon the piazza. All the rooms (and all the house as well) are full of books, gathered in a literary life of forty years.

The house contains many beautiful things collected by Mr. Warner in travel. Over the

mantel in the library is a curious gilded frame from Venice holding choice specimens of glass; over another, a painting from a convent in Bogota, "The Martyrdom of Saint Barbara," by Vasquez, a pupil of Velasquez. In the music-room is Duveneck's fine portrait of Mr. Warner, a masterpiece, as well as an excellent likeness.

It follows as a matter of course that the house contains numerous etchings, water colors, and oil paintings, gathered at leisure, and some of them the work of Mr. Warner's friends, Frederick Church, Mr. Bunce, and many others of his acquaintance in the world of art. Few of these pictures have the conventional American treatment, but are mounted in quaint dull gildings from Florence or Venice, and hung or set informally with glass and majolica from the same sources. Among the curious things which came into Mr. Warner's possession are a small marble from the Parthenon, a tile from the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, and a mosaic from the Alhambra. And, not least among his possessions, are the valuable and remarkable scarabs from Egypt, with some noted coins from Greece and Italy set in the Italian manner.

He would be a dull observer who should not

see almost at the first glance that pottery was a highly-prized thing in Mr. Warner's collections—pottery, literally, from the four quarters of the earth. Rare specimens from Europe, Asia, Africa, and the two Americas delight the eye. Here, for example, are two specimens of Knights of Malta vases, one probably an Abrazzi Adrianolle Vesquiancourt of 1690, and the other a Fra Raimonda Perellos of 1697. These vases have especial interest in that one of a series was always struck at the accession of a Grand Master of St. John, and each bears a portrait of the knight in whose honor it was made.

Of old Persian tiles there are many, of extremely rich coloring, and of undoubted antiquity. Some of these are mounted on a mantelpiece in the music-room, but a more effective display than this one is the setting of the fireplace in the dining-room, where a series of old Spanish tiles is set in hammered brass. This room was both dining-room and morning-room for the family, in which writing-desks and tables and works of reference make an attractive place wherein to begin the work of the day in the morning sunlight.

The greater part of the pictures in this room

are etchings and engravings, though there is one particularly interesting piece of color, the interior of a church in Mexico. China, naturally enough, abounds in the dining-room—not only the china and glass indispensable to the table, but choice pieces on shelves and in cabinets. And there is, again, pottery from Mexico, Arizona, Tangier, Syria, Bagdad, and Egypt, the spoils of travel in many countries, all showing taste and knowledge in the collector.

The writer once asked Mr. Warner, "What do you value the most?" "Oh, always the last," laughed Mr. Warner; "this, for example," and he pointed to a large jar or vase in blue and white which, with some specimens similar though smaller, he had brought from Mexico the previous spring. He explained that it was not an antique—was hardly a hundred years old—but, as he pointed out, had the most delicate shading and rich design, foreign to our ideas of values in Mexican art.

But it is the room in which the author worked that may most interest his many readers; for, though the library has a writing-table, and on the shelves near by were favorite books, including Thackeray's (and Thackeray's statuette close at hand for inspiration), it was not Mr.

Warner's working-room. This room was at the top of the house, and to reach it the visitor passes more bookcases in the halls and on the landings, and pictures and souvenirs on the walls, including a mask of Keats given to Mr. Warner by Story. The study is a large room, with a fireplace, and with a wide outlook towards the west. The writing-table stood in the centre, with its piles of letters, reference books, and pamphlets, all evidently for practical use.

Mr. Warner did not use a typewriter, nor did he dictate his work, but an amanuensis came to him regularly to answer those letters to which he could not write a personal reply. For, like most successful men, he was applied to by persons from all parts of the country asking for advice and assistance, many of whom sent him manuscripts and printed volumes for his criticism and in hope of his commendation.

This correspondence and his philanthropic and public interests made necessary a systematic arrangement of letters and documents which the visitor found classified under the titles "School Reports," "Charities," "Prison Reform," and other educational and social themes. This systematic and simple workshop would show the visitor that Mr. Warner was interested in Egyp-

tian exploration, for he was long American Vice-President of the Egyptian Exploration Society of England, and was in correspondence with its notable members. One of his social interests was prison reform, to which he gave much time. He was Vice-President of the New York Association, and felt a deep interest in the Elmira experiment, and had an unshaken friendship with Mr. Brockway. He thought that the indeterminate sentence would solve many problems of criminal sentences, that criminals should be segregated from society until reformed, and not merely punished for a term of years and then allowed to roam at large. Had he lived a little longer he would have found that the legislature of his own State passed such an act in the year 1901, covering not all the criminal offences, but such as seemed wise for a beginning.

In this simple workroom, the chief ornament of which was the magnificent view from the western window, Mr. Warner's work was done for fifteen years. It is true that much of "The Golden House" was written in Washington, that a part of "A Little Journey in the World" was written at the University Club, New York, and that for nearly two years his

duties as editor of the "Library of the World's Best Literature" kept him much of the time in New York, yet it was in this house Mr. Warner found most time for literary work. It is here that he found time for that enormous amount of reading for which he was noted among his friends, and of which his large collection of books bears testimony.

His books afford evidence not only of his interest in literature in general, but that he followed closely the production of all his contemporaries, and was acquainted with the movement of intellectual thought in the world. There was a catholicity about his mind, and a desire to know everything, which made him read the works of nearly all the travellers, explorers, and investigators of his time. But his interests were not mainly foreign. At home he was a member of the Park Commission, and always had a constant interest in the welfare of the community, being at once progressive and conservative, a Congregationalist in religion, a Republican in politics, a humanitarian in the broader politics of the country, as was shown by his interest in the negro problem, and his active participation in the affairs of the Social Science Association, the Committee of Fifty,

and other organizations. So also was he a humanist in the literature of the world.

The visitor at his home only a couple of years ago found him a tall, erect, energetic figure, whose observant eyes contended with his white hair and beard to make the visitor doubt the record of his years. He himself said that his activity and continued vigor resulted from his habit of seeking at frequent intervals complete rest from routine. He did not seem to have observed of himself, what his friends knew, that his vacations were periods of as great activity as his regular editorial and literary labors. But in travel nothing escaped him. He certainly had no hours of idleness, and few of ease, either at home or abroad, for his mind wanted to know everything, and his eyes to see everything to be seen or known. His fine sense of proportion enabled him to understand the different countries of the world and their relations to each other, just as his sense of humor proved a divining rod in the world of literature.

Many may be interested to hear his advice to young writers who had not inherited means of support, to engage in some definite occupation that would provide a sure income, which, in this country, can seldom be derived from pure liter-

ary work, and in that way make it possible to pursue literary ideals without regard to their value in the market. One engaged in criticism, he believed, should imbue himself with the ideas of the author of the book, and then decide whether the author had attained his proposed end. With him there was no excuse for a careless or incomplete style, since the models of good English exist in great abundance.

And it may be that Mr. Warner's own limpid style and his unmixed English will serve as one of the guides to writing in the future. His faculty of taking his pen in hand and putting on paper his thoughts without erasure, interlineation, or rewriting, is a proof that newspaper editorial writing, which waits for no man and demands writing by the first intention, is a good discipline, and that writing badly is only a habit that can be overcome if it exists.

John Denison Champlin

In West Seventy-Eighth Street, New York

BY MR. CHAMPLIN.

Born in Stonington, Conn., in 1834.

Fox's Mission to Russia [Editor of]. 1873.
Young Folk's Cyclopædia of Common Things. 1879.
Young Folk's Cyclopædia of Persons and Places. 1880.
Young Folk's History of the War for the Union. 1881.
Chronicle of the Coach. 1886.
Cyclopædia of Painters and Paintings [Editor of]. 1886-88.
Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians [Editor of]. 1889-91.
Young Folk's Cyclopædia of Literature and Art. 1901.

Mr. Champlin in his Home.

XI

John Denison Champlin

In West Seventy-Eighth Street, New York

THE man that greets the visitor at the top of the apartment house on the northwest corner of Seventy-eighth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, reminds one in a strange way of an English member of Parliament. Just what gives this impression it is difficult to determine. Perhaps it is the air of repose on every feature—a repose not unmixed with energy and the evidence of accomplishment. The figure is well knit, fairly broad, but in no way large; the face is marked by a full beard of gray and white, and glasses shadow the eyes. The "set up" of the man (as a soldier would put it) is distinctly pleasing.

Such is the way John D. Champlin, author and encyclopædist, appeared one morning and to one man. It was only by good fortune that he was "at home," and that he had no more engrossing work on hand than the correction of a batch of proofs. The tools of the trade of the *littérateur* were therefore scarcely appar-

ent. The room he was seated in was half library, half drawing-room. Unlike the average apartment that upper New York makes a home of, here all was spacious and on a large scale. The visitor's eyes must have hinted at something of this sort as they strayed here and there, for Mr. Champlin had at once a word to say about it as he pointed to a "lazy man's chair."

"This was one of the first apartment houses built up here," he said, "and is on a somewhat larger scale than those now constructed. When we came here about ten years ago it stood nearly alone, and we had from our west windows an unobstructed view of the Hudson. Even now we have a fair view, as you see, though the buildings that have gone up between us and the river have shut out much of it. From that window where you are, looking south down Amsterdam Avenue, you can see on a clear day the Statue of Liberty and the hills of Staten Island, while the west windows command the Jersey hills. We have windows toward every point of the compass—south, west, east, even one window looking north, so that we get all the breezes that blow."

The day was warm, and in the streets below

asphalt was stewing and paving blocks baking. But up there was a breeze, and the suite of rooms with their dark furniture, and the absence of everything garish, were pleasantly cool.

"You are glancing at my bookcases. There is no room for a real library here, you see, so I have had to scatter my books all over the apartment, here and in the room beyond, in the dining-room, and even in the bedrooms."

The visitor's eyes ran over the well-filled cases. No pretence at a library, and yet here were books—books that, without seeming arrangement, fitted in here and there as if they were household necessities and belonged in their places; books that numbered really hundreds, and yet were not obtrusive. Here was a library that was not a library, and yet it had more than the merits of many. Here was a series of rooms that showed you the tenant was a genuine bookman. A few water colors and several of Piranesi's etchings on the walls attested also the owner's art tastes.

We stopped beside an ebony case, on the shelves of which repose, in their finest publishers' editions, the more important of Mr. Champlin's works, the "Cyclopædia of Painters and Paintings" and the "Cyclopædia of Music and

Musicians." Fat, bulky tomes they were, attesting to years of work and much serious scholarship. By their side was the "Standard Dictionary," in the editing of which this gentleman played an important part, and "Liber Scriptorum," the book of the Authors Club, of which he was one of the three editors.

It was interesting to scan the man, turning meanwhile the pages of his work, for the successful cyclopædist has a place of his own in the world of letters. He is a sort of master workman, passing judgment on the centuries. To-day must be at his fingers' ends. Long distant yesterdays he must know quite as intimately. It is his task to apportion the value of each, to weigh the evidence of men and things; not to originate, but to examine every shred that passes in review before him, every scintilla the past or present has brought to light. He is the editor of editors. What the press, magazine, new author, or discoverer has expounded or told, it is the province of the cyclopædia to digest and set down in its final truth.

The visitor could not but think of all this with Mr. Champlin before him. And the man seemed to justify the theory. Calm, dispassionate, judicial—these seemed his characteris-

tics. Yet, withal, here was a worker with enthusiasm, and a man of letters that touched every corner of life. He showed himself at once a serious man who would not disdain "small talk," and cried out for "good-fellowship."

"Of course," he said, as he turned away from the shelves, "I do but little of my work here—not very much more than the correcting of proofs and the handling of the book I am on when it is in its last stages. My books here are really few, and largely made up of reference works. Most of my work is done in the Astor Library, upstairs in the alcoves.

"It was in 1859, when Dr. Cogswell was librarian, that I first got permission to use these alcoves, and off and on I have been in them ever since. Now I must be one of the oldest 'alcove readers.' When I am actively at work on a new book I spend much of my time there, going down each morning, keeping a bundle of manuscript constantly on one of the tables.

"There you can see me at certain times, day in and day out, going from shelf to shelf upstairs, with a yellow paper pad of letter size. It is in the Astor Library that I have written

very nearly all my books. I even have my own especial corner there, or had, I should say, for I have been, of late, forced to change about. Under Dr. Billings the library has received large accessions, and thousands of new volumes have crowded the old space.

Many new cases have been put in, especially in the Classical Department, where I used to sit, and one of these cases replaces my old table. So, like other alcove readers, I have been forced to seek new quarters."

The cool breeze ruffled the heap of proofs, and displayed in among type, bespattered with Greek letters, pictures of mythological heroes and Roman and Greek implements of peace and war.

A description of this author's literary life would be interesting—from its beginnings under George Ripley and Charles A. Dana on the "American Cyclopædia," of which he became associate editor, and especially the story of the "Chronicle of the Coach" (a trip on Mr. Andrew Carnegie's four-in-hand), in which Matthew Arnold, William Black, Edwin A. Abbey, and other noted men participated—but this is not the place for it. The account must close with passing through the hall lined

with bookcases, and its walls covered with framed documents of early America and classical etchings.

But now that so much has been set down, one is not sure but that he should have wandered into the Astor Library, up into "alcove land," and seen Mr. Champlin there, still more "at home."

Joel Chandler Harris

In Atlanta, Ga.

BY MR. HARRIS.

Born in Eatonton, Ga., in 1848.

Uncle Remus : His Songs and His Sayings. 1880.
Mingo. 1884.
The Story of Aaron. 1885.
Nights With Uncle Remus. 1887.
Balaam and His Master. 1891.
Mr. Rabbit at Home. 1894.
Little Mr. Thimblefinger. 1894.
Sister Jane. 1896.
Tales of the Home Folks. 1898.
Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann. 1899.
On the Wings of Occasions. 1900.

XII

Joel Chandler Harris

In Atlanta, Ga.

A COMFORTABLE distance back from a shady West End street in Atlanta, Georgia, a frame cottage that seems mainly roof and veranda, and gives the impression of quiet sufficiency as to the life of its inmates, shelters the family of Joel Chandler Harris. It is in appearance a "home place," with all that the term implies in the South, with a double red swing in the dooryard. The cottage is approached by gentle terraces in front, over a broad, violet-bordered walk, and at either side there is a plenty of breathing space. Indeed, there is so much open space that one with an eye to considerations of real estate, noting the compactly built neighborhood, would conclude that the owner was either indifferent to, or shrewdly mindful of, those same considerations.

When the author of "Uncle Remus" built his pretty suburban home he could look across wide stretches of pine barrens, and the clang

and crash of the trolley did not jar upon the peace of his rustic environment. True, a horse-car line had its terminus in the neighborhood, but the mules were meditative and deliberate, and the drivers philosophical. Sometimes the waggish "Constitution" editor would take the reins while the driver ate out of his tin bucket and try to liven the brutes a bit with the plantation argot of his boyhood. But the South was sleeping then, and the mule was easily the master of the situation.

With the coming of the trolley West End grew apace, and neighbors multiplied around Mr. Harris. He clung to his little acreage, however, and maintained a semi-country life amid his trees and shrubbery and flowers. He lived so quietly that few of the people who rode into the city with him in the morning were aware of his identity, and his plain personality was not of a kind to excite passing interest.

It is only about a year since Joel Chandler Harris discontinued his daily copy grind on "The Atlanta Constitution." In view of the fact that his first great literary success came to him something over twenty years ago, and he has since produced a score of successful books, this statement is remarkable. When he was

told he had carved for himself a niche in America's not overcrowded literary pantheon, he chuckled, with a quizzical look in his mischievous blue eyes, and drawling an incredulous cracker provincialism, went on writing editorial articles. He kept at his desk in his bare little cell perched on the tin roof of "The Constitution" Building, year after year, until sheer bashfulness drove him to the grateful cover of home.

Mr. Harris could say "howdy" to the male pilgrims from afar, but when an ancient Boston maiden with an Emersonian mien and a Noah Webster vocabulary would come to take his psychological measure through her icy glasses, he would have welcomed a fall through the elevator shaft. At such trying times he preserved a perspiring and rubicund silence, smiling in a way that his visitor might have denominated maudlin in any one but a man of genius. And when she was descending, with unruffled poise, note-book in hand, the frightened editor might have been seen through the keyhole with his head in his arms, chuckling, and, a minute later, writing furiously.

After he took to getting out editorial copy at home, Mr. Harris came to the newspaper office early in the morning for his exchanges and to

learn the editor-in-chief's wishes. By ten o'clock he was hard at work—routine, hack work—and early in the evening a messenger came for his copy. When, in all those plodding years, did he find time to write folklore tales, child stories, boys' stories, short stories, character sketches, fiction, biography, history, and countless magazine articles? To know the volume of ephemeral writing done by the editor, and to enumerate all his works, would stamp Joel Chandler Harris a prodigious worker; but he does not look it or act it. The white-beard with the scythe has not haunted him into nervous dyspepsia, nor has his art, with its troubles and triumphs, put his heart in cold storage. He finds abundant time for the most commonplace doings and sayings, and he venerates a certain species of dignity about in the degree that the proverbial bad boy is impressed by it.

At his home in West End, Mr. Harris recently said he had kept on the journalistic treadmill merely from force of habit, and because the newspaper virus was in his blood. "I have a corn on this foot," said he, in his droll tone, extending the afflicted member, "which I got as a boy from bracin' when I

pulled a Washington handpress down in Putnam County. I reckon I'm a constitutional printer.

"Yes," he confessed, with a sober tone in his voice, when asked if there was any work more transitory than journalism, "it's a good deal like pourin' water in a sieve. It's the most thankless, perishable kind of headwork, I reckon. I thought I couldn't quit, but I've never regretted quittin'. In fact, I haven't got over my surprise that I can feel so good out of harness."

The well-loved Southern author sat at the little table he has been carrying about the house for literary uses since the early eighties. His methods of working are his own. An author who for a score of years has seen his output bear the impressive imprints of the country's greatest publishers would be expected to have a den, more or less luxurious, where, to the world without, he was somewhat of an ogre in his castle, sentinelled by the dignity of a name. Not so "Uncle Remus." He works pretty much all over the place, but principally in his son Evelyn's bedchamber. The choice of such a workshop is characteristic of the man.

This son, the third of four, is city editor of

"The Atlanta Constitution," with a young man's tastes in mantel and wall adornment. Through his hands, as city editor of the most profusely illustrated daily newspaper in the South, pass the photographs of many notables after they have served as copy to the engraver, and many of the staff artists' cartoons and pen drawings. The subjects are as various as the range of current news, with a predilection for the stage and sports evident. Actors and actresses, and the champions in some line of strenuous endeavor, bespangle the warm tint of wall background, and in places almost obliterate it.

In this Bohemia of artistic incongruity, where the very air diffuses a sense of conventional abandon, the dean of juvenile literature pecks away on his typewriter, crowding his soft copy sheets with the happy imaginings of a brain prompted by a heart that can metamorphose a man into a child. A boy's room suits him best, and if he had a nursery in the house, it is "dollars to doughnuts" he would steal into it to write after the children had kissed him good-night. From the mantelpiece the comedian face of James Whitcomb Riley grimaces down upon the creator of "Uncle Remus," flanked

by theatrical stars, and the Hoosier bard looks perfectly at home in such company.

There is the minimum of formality in Joel Chandler Harris's reception of visitors at his home. He is a hearty, whole-souled man, under his shyness. Some say his peculiar humor is, in a measure, the result of downright bashfulness, very much as an awkward boy falls into witticisms and practical jokes to hide his confusion. He does not despise, but is forgetful of, convention. A prominent New York publisher went out to see him not long since, and, much to Mrs. Harris's vexation, the author received his visitor in his bedroom workshop.

After supper Mr. Harris generally works a couple of hours in his own bedchamber, retiring at a seasonable hour. All told, he usually writes six or seven hours a day, the time being apportioned quite equally in forenoon, afternoon, and evening. It is only within the last year or two that he has mastered the intricacies of the typewriter; but he now composes to the machine readily, and turns out as neat a piece of copy as a publisher could wish to examine. He never does his manuscript over, and the technical corrections are few indeed. He composes from fifteen hundred to two thousand

words a day, when he is in writing mood, and it is rarely that he is at a loss for inspiration. When his imagination gets foggy and composition is in danger of becoming mechanical, he leaves his typewriter in the middle of a sentence and falls to romping with his animal friends (seven cats and three dogs), if his grandchildren are not in the house, or forgets all about his story in a ramble over the back lot. He is never exclusive at his work, but will turn from it with laughing eyes at the sound of a tiny footfall, and then it is all up with the copy until childish good-bys are heard at the front door.

It was in this borrowed workshop that the author of the best Southern dialect stories ever written received his visitor—not to be interviewed, he protested at once, for the word gives him stage-fright. He sat at his portable writing-table by the window, a leg's length from the bed, with a pile of unopened mail before him. Mr. Harris is a well-preserved man for his years and life experience—round-faced, robust of girth, and only gray enough to dull the terra cotta of his hair. His shoulders are decidedly stooped, as the effect of unremitting desk toil.

In those happy days, when he was listening wide-eyed of nights to Uncle George Terrell's wonderful folklore stories, and stowing away in the lumber-room of his brain the frame-work of "Uncle Remus's" songs and sayings, Mr. Harris was laying broad and deep the foundation of his literary career by "browsing around" in the library of English classics owned by the scholarly country gentleman who employed him. But biography has no place in this sketch. I was wondering, though, as I thought of the days when he wrote poetry and boyish essays for "The Countryman," whether the half of his life spent bent over an editor's desk represented self-repression and ambition in abeyance, and I asked him the question.

"I don't know," he answered doubtfully, but with something in face and voice that was affirmative. Mr. Harris undervalues himself —distrusts his powers. He is one of those who Scripture says shall inherit the earth. As a lifelong editor he may have become hypercritical in analyzing literary values, and so has brought a playful iconoclasm to his own depreciation. Anyhow, he is his own harshest critic, and insists that he has done nothing. He did not want to spoil a good editor in rainbow-

chasing, and so made more pretentious writing a kind of relaxation from prosaic bread-winning. The marvel is he had the mental and spiritual virility to relax through redoubled pen labor. Not one newspaper worker in a thousand possesses this psychic duality, to say nothing of the physical constitution behind it.

"I think it is 'powerful pore' stuff," is Mr. Harris's way of referring to his bound volumes—and he means it. He confessed that he had an ideal of workmanship which made the realized product seem very poor indeed, and despaired of ever attaining it. It is said he has never got out of a state of dazed wonder that so many people read his books.

Our conversation was of his work mainly. He said he loved it, and found it a sort of elixir of life that made him a boy at fifty-three. His child characters are living things to him, and as in fancy he frolics with them, his heart becomes as a child's, and he laughs and cries as their joys and sorrows draw the veil of ideality before the objective world.

The friendliest of men, he has few acquaintances. His natural diffidence has something to do with this, but he has been a very preoccupied worker, and his work requires solitude. There

never was a simpler, kindlier man. His sympathies are as broad as human nature, and many stories are told of his unostentatious charities and good deeds. It is said a superannuated Atlanta printer has been going to his house every week for years to draw a charitable pension sufficient to keep him in decent comfort. His humane impulses are much stronger than the natural instinct of selfish prudence, and probably his sequestered life alone has largely spared him the pecuniary penalty of a heart of wax.

He lives among his roses and books, reading the papers just enough to not grow rusty on the news, and enough of the successful new books to keep in touch with the literary development of his time. He is a great admirer of Kipling, and says he did not entirely appreciate "Kim" until he had read it a second time. The works of his boyish reading have not lost their fascination for him. He delights to take some neglected volume from his bookcase and spend an hour renewing old acquaintances. In the summer Mr. Harris spends much of his time looking after his flowers and garden truck. His roses are the finest and most abundant in West End, and his cabbages would take the premium

at a county fair. He has a pair of trim Jerseys, and is a good deal of an epicure on home-made butter.

The Harris home is an ideal one. Mrs. Harris is a French-Canadian woman, a devout Catholic, handsome, and of lively disposition—too young-looking to have five grandchildren. There are six children—four sons and two daughters. Mr. Julian Harris, the oldest son, inherits in no small degree his distinguished father's news and literary instincts, and holds with signal ability the responsible place of managing editor of "The Atlanta Constitution." He and his brother Lucian, a rising young business man, are the only children married. The youngest child, Joel Chandler Harris, Jr., is hardly ten years old.

Mr. Harris might be regarded as an anomaly as a literary man in that he is a model husband and father. Nothing in the domestic economy of his home is too petty to claim his attention, and he is never too abstracted to withhold a healthy sympathy where the exercise of the quality would be looked for in the humblest head of a family. With the little folks of his own blood and those of the neighborhood he is a veritable "old romp."

Joel Chandler Harris

The author of "Uncle Remus" admits regretfully that the negro types of his books can hardly be studied from real life now. Even the last-leaf darkies of the old school are prone to hold their picturesque obsequiousness as a commercial commodity, and only the crawling pickaninnies are unperverted. "The 'Uncles' have larnt a heap o' blarney since the war," sighs Mr. Harris.

Theodore Roosevelt

At Sagamore Hill, Long Island, and in Washington, D. C.

BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Born in New York City in 1858.

The Naval War of 1812. 1882.
Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. 1886.
Thomas Hart Benton. 1887.
Gouverneur Morris. 1888.
Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail. 1888.
The Winning of the West. [Four Volumes.] 1889–1896.
New York [Historic Towns Series]. 1891.
The Wilderness Hunter. 1893.
American Ideals and Other Essays. 1897.
The Rough Riders. 1899.
Oliver Cromwell. 1900.
The Strenuous Life. 1900.

Mr. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill.

XIII

Theodore Roosevelt

At Sagamore Hill, Long Island, and in Washington, D. C.

ONE of the North Shore branches of the Long Island Railroad ends at Oyster Bay, down upon whose waters looks Sagamore Hill, Mr. Roosevelt's summer home. A visitor may also reach the place by a few hours' drive from New York over a broad macadamized highway that runs eastward from Flushing through rolling farm lands dotted with many ancient homes. On the way he will pass Manhasset, where men of English race first attempted to plant a settlement in New York State, and whence they were promptly driven out as invaders by the Dutch of Manhattan Island, just twenty years subsequent to the landing of the Pilgrims. On this road the traveller also passes Roslyn, where Bryant dwelt for many years.

From this broad thoroughfare, a few miles east of Roslyn, runs to the northward, mainly through forest lands, a narrow lane-like road

descending to Oyster Bay. Just before that place is reached the driver turns off to follow another road, steep and winding in its course, through woods still denser than the others, until he arrives at the crown of an elevation on Cow Neck, where stands the home Mr. Roosevelt himself erected eighteen years ago. Cow Neck, as the name implies, is a peninsula. The bay almost encircles it. From its summit the eye takes in the waters of Oyster Bay, Cold Spring Harbor, and Long Island Sound. In the distance lies the shore of Connecticut, with New Haven, the home of Donald G. Mitchell, distant thirty miles to the northeast.

Surrounded by a well-kept lawn that is bordered by forest trees stands Mr. Roosevelt's home. It is three stories in height, the first being of brick, with piazzas on three sides much covered by thriving vines. Gables mark the sky line, and tall chimneys lift their heights above them. Everywhere within this dwelling one sees what he looks for—antlers on walls, the skins and heads of big game on the floors, books in cases, and portraits of great Americans looking down. Mr. Roosevelt's special "den" at the top of the house not only has books on walls and skins on floors, but a cabinet of guns

which is its owner's special pride. Oyster Bay, as well as New York City, is ancestral ground to him. Within the neighborhood, for three generations, members of the family have had homes. For many years, from May until after Christmas, Mr. Roosevelt lived at Sagamore Hill, and here several of his books were written.

Of that more recent home into which Mr. Roosevelt entered under the shadow of a crushing national sorrow, this sketch need not give detailed account. Famous and familiar it is in other lands as well as ours—that home which before his time had been, and after it still shall be, the home of men enrolled as permanent figures in the history of this country. The personal side of Mr. Roosevelt's life has scarcely altered in that mansion from what it was at Sagamore Hill. His children romp at will through many parts of it, and on the sidewalks of the spacious grounds ride their wheels. Familiar books and trophies of hunting trips have gone there. Last Christmas Day was observed as it might have been at Sagamore Hill. Songs were sung in the East Room to the assembled family and friends young and old; the Virginia reel was danced, popular tunes were played. In the morning, the children had examined the

stockings they had hung up overnight and after breakfast they were marshalled into the library, where each child had his special table of gifts. At dinner Mr. Roosevelt carved the turkey, and the pies sent round were of the mince and pumpkin sorts, that had been expressed to him by old neighbors in Oyster Bay.

At a reception to Seth Low, given by the Authors' Club soon after his election as Mayor of New York, Mr. Stedman, in his address of welcome, remarked that "there can be no world of letters apart from the world of life." He illustrated this truism, in its newer manifestations, by citing men who, in late years, have risen from authorship to public service. He recalled the reception which the club had given to John Hay, just before he sailed as Ambassador to England, and to Andrew D. White when about to leave for Germany.

Since that time Mr. Hay has risen to a greater office, and Mr. Roosevelt has reached the highest place which any man may occupy in this country. Mr. Roosevelt had become an author before he achieved any position in public life. From the time when he left Harvard down to the tragedy at Buffalo, authorship had been with him a pursuit quite as notable as

politics. Literature and public life have, in fact, constantly gone hand in hand with him. One may venture to assume that he has found, in writing books, a somewhat greater personal pleasure, if not a more obvious reward, than in achieving the other success which life has brought him.

In the reception-room at the White House Mr. Roosevelt is said to have swept away, with other traditions of the place, "the Presidential manner." He enters the room alert and eager, with the appearance of a man having something to do, and with the capacity to do it quickly. Whatever courtesy may be shown, it is the man with whom the caller is impressed and not the President. Receptive, but candid and quick of comprehension, Mr. Roosevelt seizes the point of the message before it is completely delivered, and rapidly estimates the merits of the subject without offence to the auditor, but, as has been said, with fatal violence to the time-honored "Presidential manner."

Mr. Roosevelt, the author, is the same man as Mr. Roosevelt, the President. In preparing for his literary work he rushes from one essential point to another, weighing and arranging all with startling rapidity. Whether he

draws his material from books of reference or passing events, it is ever the same. The book springs into existence in his mind. Without deliberation or any apparent literary assimilation it is transcribed to paper in the shortest possible time. Once convinced of the reason for writing a particular book, and having absorbed and arranged the material necessary, he combines the eagerness of the child and the resourceful ability of the successful man in his remorseless energy in getting it ready for the public.

When he was Police Commissioner, he once promised to have a book ready by a certain date. Every afternoon, in the interval between his official duties and the reception which he accorded to reporters, he was visited by a stenographer sent by the publishers. Walking up and down the room, he dictated the chapter, in a precise, sonorous voice, marking paragraphs, and even punctuating sentences, as though he were reading a manuscript he desired to have exactly reproduced.

When he accepted an invitation to review for a magazine some important work on history, political economy, or municipal government, he asked the magazine for a stenographer. Then, without hesitation, he reeled off the desired re-

view, while the editor marvelled at the rapid way in which he brought to the surface the author's points, discussed, and gave them proper value.

In childhood Mr. Roosevelt was weak; but he had the will to overcome physical deficiencies. His body was forced to respond to the activity of his mind. Mental and physical discipline, to which he early subjected himself, was bound to show results. The prolific character of his writings, therefore, is evidence of a healthful activity of mind and body, rather than a stimulated and inordinate method in work. The number of his printed books may some day equal or exceed those of the "Comédie Humaine," but he has no erratic methods of production.

Mr. Roosevelt does not burn the midnight oil or work with the aid of stimulants. His mind goes with his body, like the parts of a well-made and carefully regulated machine. At a given time and place he dictates what he is prepared to dictate; no more, and no less. He takes physical exercise to quicken his mind and maintain and increase his bodily health. He goes hunting in the Rockies, and, facing death in many forms, seems to gain new inspiration

for life and the joy of living. He rides horseback, drawing into his lungs the pure, free air, which, in a way, is symbolic of the man himself. He "puts on the gloves" with a professional boxer, proud and rejoicing in the occasion which brings him face to face with the muscular prowess of man. In his sport, as in his work, he schools himself to excel.

There is no vanity in the man or in his literary work. One has yet to discover that he craves the applause of other literary men. His favorites among writers began with Captain Mayne Reid and Cooper, in whose stories, both physical and moral courage are at a premium. He is never tired of reading Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, and Lowell, and in the last twenty years has often made a journey with a volume of Thucydides, Polybius, or Plutarch in his pocket. These writers are his companions and friends; and whatever literary quality his work may possess, has undoubtedly been derived in some good degree from them.

Mr. Roosevelt has always been a great reader, delighting in poetry and fiction, as well as in history, biography, and, in general, the literature that deals with actual events and persons. His writings abound in critical references to

what is sometimes called light literature; but books of serious purpose have formed the staple of his reading. Nothing could have been more characteristic of the man than his calling on the author of "How the Other Half Lives" to see what could be done to alleviate the misery of dwellers in New York's overcrowded east side tenements. Shortly after that startling revelation of conditions was made, Jacob A. Riis found on his desk a card inscribed "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt," with this message written across the face: "I have read your book, and have come to help." The two men have been close friends ever since, and no one has more effectively backed up the journalist and humanitarian.

Knowing what we do of the character of the man, and recognizing the fact that for him literature exists as a means and not as an end, he has paid the profession of authorship its highest tribute in employing it as a vehicle of expression in work that mocks alike the closet student and the literary artist.

The methods of the anthropologist in constructing the man of prehistoric times from bones unearthed have sometimes been employed by the biographer, who seeks from the books

of an author to reconstruct the man who produced them. In some future generation, a discerning biographer who attempts to reconstruct Theodore Roosevelt from his books will have fuller and more trustworthy material than any other biographer with whom we are acquainted. The portrait is sure to be true to life. In the books of Theodore Roosevelt the man himself is writ large.

Mr. Roosevelt is commonly spoken of as the most literary of Presidents since Jefferson. But John Quincy Adams, who, after an interval of sixteen years, followed the author of the Declaration of Independence, was even more a man of letters than Jefferson. He wrote hymns and poems, and an historic tale filling two volumes. Lectures on rhetoric and oratory, and letters on Masonry also came from his pen, and he translated Wieland's "Oberon" and Gentz's work on the American Revolution. His personal letters were published and translated, and his "Diary," as edited and condensed, comprises perhaps more than two million words. This record, in the variety or amount of literary output, Mr. Roosevelt will perhaps rival if he lives as long as Adams. Already his printed words must number nearly two million.

A man who has been a member of the Legislature, Civil Service Commissioner, President of the Police Board of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a lieutenant-colonel in active service, Governor of the State of New York, Vice-President of the United States, and is now President, all within a score of years, could hardly be expected to have acquired much "literary baggage." But in that period Mr. Roosevelt has published a half dozen serious works in history and in biography, three original works on hunting and ranch life, and a considerable number of essays, some of them of an extremely careful and permanently valuable character.

Had Mr. Roosevelt done nothing but write his fascinating hunting books—and lived through the experiences they relate in simple and winning style—he would probably be more widely known in foreign lands than any other American save one or two. Had he not obscured his reputation as a historian by his industry in making history, he would have a distinct place in the circle of American writers in that field. It remains true, however, that if his life had been less full and active, his literary work would, in all probability, have had

less value, and the value would have been less peculiar.

It may be said of Mr. Roosevelt's writing, that it is at its best when it approaches most nearly to action, and this, probably, is the judgment he would be most content to deserve. His hunting books are a striking instance of this quality. They are models of straightforward and convincing narrative and description. The personal element is, of course, prevalent in them, but it is not at all obtrusive or out of perspective. There is no assumption of modesty in them, no affectation of indifference to the writer's own share in the experiences and observations recorded. He is quite frankly and inevitably a chief actor in the tale, but not at all the hero. He takes his part with zest, and his personality lends a natural and constant charm to every adventure. But he is intensely interested in the game he pursues, in the country he hunts over, in his companions, and in everything that presents itself to his eager and vigorous mind, to his keen and alert vision.

Nothing could be more encouraging for public life in this country than its present closer relations with literature and authorship, as signally exemplified in Mr. Roosevelt. Here, in-

deed, to some purpose, the world of letters has become part of the world of life. The association forcibly recalls some recent words by Mr. Roosevelt, quoted soon afterwards by Lord Rosebery in a notable political speech in England, that "we must keep our eyes on the stars, but we must also remember that our feet are on the ground."

Robert Grant

In the Back Bay, Boston

BY JUDGE GRANT.

Born in Boston in 1852.

The Little Tin Gods on Wheels. 1879.
The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl. 1880.
An Average Man. 1883.
Face to Face. 1886.
Mr. Harold Stagg. 1890.
The Reflections of a Married Man. 1892.
The Opinions of a Philosopher. 1893.
The Art of Living. 1895.
Unleavened Bread. 1900.

Judge Grant in his Library.

XIV

Robert Grant

In the Back Bay, Boston

SOME homes are mushrooms, pleasant and useful, but rootless; others are oaks, drawing strength from deep-buried growths of the past, their branches wide-spreading on every side to take the winds of distant lands. Of the latter species is the home of the author of "Unleavened Bread," Robert Grant, Judge of Probate and Insolvency for Suffolk County, Massachusetts.

His actual house—the shell of the real home of records and pictures, of books and other precious objects, hallowed by memories of past generations—stands in newest Boston, in the Bay State Road, a growing avenue stretching westward and skirting the Charles River basin. Here, although nominally in the city, the curve and color of the sky and the horizon ring are something more than phrases. Here the air is of Italian clearness, and smoke is interesting only as the substance of the black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, that on the far rim

of the basin whirl and float above the Boston of the fathers, Bunker Hill and the Cambridges.

It is from the rear of the house that their phantasmal dance is visible from the broad bay windows in the library. There is always something new to see, from the dawn's first gleam of color to the moment when the electric lights pierce the twilight and conceal all else; from the early spring, when the cities on the further shore map their streets and parks in green, until color is obliterated and form is softened by snow. From the dining-room below the view is almost as wide, but, as in the real Venice, which this part of the Bay State Road sometimes suggests to its younger inhabitants, prosaic details slightly interfere with the general effect; but if one may descend into the Bostonian version of a gondola by the briefest of ladders, what matter if an undeniable board fence and a narrow pathway separate one's dwelling from the lapping water?

One enters the house by a flight of steps with the iron handrail and brass knobs of old Colonnade Row in the Lawrence dynasty. By a small vestibule, one comes into a narrow lobby, ending in a door leading to the kitchen and offices in the basement. On the left, three

broad, shallow steps ascend to the ground floor and into the small hall separating the drawing-room from the dining-room, and serving, with its walls of spring green, to connect the dark reds and dull greens of the latter with the brighter tints of the same colors used in the room fronting on the sunny road.

"In red and green" would be the upholsterer's descriptive phrase. They are not the poppy red and grass green of the grandfathers, but the red of a pink rosebud's outermost petal and the dusk green of its leaf, and the two are blended throughout the room, now one and now the other predominating. The spoils of travel are everywhere visible in beautiful and curious objects, each with its story of acquisition or of ownership by elder generations, of long voyages and journeys, and of sojourning in the homes of kinsmen dead and gone.

From the centre of the hall, beside the steps ascending from the lobby, arises a colonial stairway, that leads by short flights and square landings to the first floor. On the right, over the drawing-room, are bedrooms; at the left of the house is the library, its largest room, with ever-open doors. The author's desk, elegant as a lady's, convenient as a railway monarch's,

stands in the corner between the fireplace and the window, but its elaborate equipment of lights never woos its owner to night work. It is merely one of the many places in which he uses such leisure as his profession, his duties as the father of four sons, and his social pleasures may leave him.

His enormous "rolltop" in the judge's lobby at the court house, and the long tables of the Athenæum, a few rods away, are also his working places, and any writing-table in the house serves his turn when the attractive powers of the library draw thither so many of the family and their guests as to make it a place too much in use for the work of composition. In this fragmentary fashion, little as one suspects it from the compact, close structure of his essays, all his later work has been produced. Judge Grant simply makes the most of each minute, thinking of time rather than of space—perhaps of the "Mony a mickle makes a muckle" of his Scottish forefathers. "Unleavened Bread" was the product of a year and a half of such vigilant improvement of small opportunities.

These habits, somewhat uncommon in the United States—the land in which the average individual permits himself to become part of the

amorphous general mass, with every angle of originality crushed away—owe their origin to the author's early introduction to the necessity of self-support, an entirely different thing from self-making, and more gracious in its results. It is sometimes assumed that because generously reared he has written solely for amusement; but, in truth, he was a busy worker at his art before he left the law school, in 1879. Writing, although his pleasure always, has been something more than a pastime. From the first he was successful.

The latest of his books is "Unleavened Bread," a novel of one character, a self-educated, slightly instructed American woman who floridly extols "Americanism," but yearns for notoriety—her conception of the lustre emanating from the great lady of an aristocracy. Her incapacity for lofty feeling of any species; for charity; for real breadth of view; her maddening substitution of the watchwords of her tribe for common sense and true argument; her effect upon other women and upon her three husbands; her general conduct and speech benumbing, self-concealing as a cuttlefish, and her radiant influence for evil, are set forth at first, in their cruder manifestations, with some

feeling, but later with passionless imperturbability. The creature is real, although lately developed; the product of a country with no hereditary distinction, and of that part of the press which finds no man's subscription or advertising too unclean for its desire; and, lastly, of the unfavorable conditions of growth unavoidable in a period robbed of its noblest and strongest masculine influence by the Civil War.

What and whence is the faculty by which he discerned her? The answer is writ large upon the walls of the author's home. Books in plenty are within them, a low case of choice volumes in the drawing-room and taller cases lining two sides of the library; but books furnish rules for judging discerned truth, not the insight to detect, perceive, and anatomize. To give that faculty a certain abstraction and remoteness is necessary. It is not enough to be personally differentiated from the thing observed, as novels of low life written by the uneducated attest as forcibly as novels of high life written by the fashionable.

There must be appreciable, if not conscious, separation between subject and author, and in the case of Judge Grant and Selma White the barrier is ancestry. Her circle of familiar thought is no larger than her acquaintance.

Her patriotism is egotism; her faith a manifestation of conceit. For her, the world began in her natal hour; she has no consciousness of the elder men and women of her blood and their endeavors to solve the riddle of the painful earth. The one important, perfect, magical, wonderful place in the world for her is that which she feels she adorns and should govern.

Judge Grant—well, once there was a Perthshire Grant with six sons and a daughter. Two of them took the well-worn Scotsman's path to London, and began its conquest in the good old Caledonian way of business. Two wandered further afield and became bankers in Genoa; a fifth sought Russia and was made, according to family tradition, a Minister of Finance, and the sixth came to the United States, embarked in business in Boston, and married one of the daughters of Jonathan Mason. Of that marriage, the son, Patrick Grant, was the father of the present judge. The five Grants remaining in Europe, although long-lived, left few scions; but, after the good old Scottish fashion, retained a lively interest in their kindred.

A very curious family memorandum dated 1785, and brought by successive additions down to the present time, records the doings of the

Perthshire Grants both at home and abroad, the two writers "feeling it their duty" to let future Grants know from whom they were descended and to whom related.

Nearly every one of these worthies chose to have his portrait painted, and, Scottish fashion, chose that it should come from the hand of a master. The first American Grant, Patrick, selected Gilbert Stuart, and his portrait is now in Judge Grant's possession. Some of the other portraits also came his way, and not long ago the death of a second cousin in the Italian branch of the family brought him the bequest of a large number. From all his walls these pictures look down upon him, silent but eloquent, his own peculiar property, bringing near past centuries, distant lands, old ambitions, extinguished hopes, and long-dead desires.

Looking forth from that citadel, he can discern Selma and her work more clearly and justly than those who resemble her in having all their sympathies centred in one generation or even in one country. Smiling toleration of her, bland indifference to her poisonous influence; an endeavor to soften her faults or to apologize for them might well call forth pictured honesty and uprightness from their frames to protest against

unworthy conduct. Judge Grant, having drawn the true picture of Selma White, is now at work upon another book, in which, it may be, the influence of his forbears will work directly in showing personages quite unlike the evil lady with the far-away, seraph look.

Like most men who have done something in the world, Judge Grant is easy to approach, hospitable and simple in manner. He chats with unaffected freedom; he leads a visitor about the house, showing him the things that may be of interest. From the recesses of a beautiful mahogany and gold desk he pulls forth some silvery scales of a tarpon, a huge fellow six feet long and over two hundred and fifty pounds in weight, that he caught on the Southern coast —nay, the very hook, a giant of its kind, is exhibited with a certain air of pride as the one that helped pull the monster in. The tarpon itself has been deposited, in its stuffed state, as an object of interest in the semi-bohemian Tavern Club, that favorite haunt of the wits, *littérateurs*, and good fellows of Boston. Judge Grant is a famous fisherman, and his piscatorial operations have extended from the tarpon region of Florida to the haunts of big salmon in the unfrequented rivers of Canada.

Edward Everett Hale

In Roxbury, Boston

BY DR. HALE.

Born in Boston in 1822.

The Man Without a Country. 1863.
Ten Times One is Ten. 1870.
His Level Best. 1872.
In His Name. 1874.
Philip Nolan's Friends. 1890.
For Fifty Years. [Verse.] 1893.
A New England Boyhood. 1893.
My Double and How He Undid Me. 1895.
James Russell Lowell and His Friends. 1898.

Edward Everett Hale in his Library.

XV

Edward Everett Hale

In Roxbury, Boston

IN these days of numerically extraordinary editions it is possibly paying a proper respect to the fashion of the times to note at the threshold of this article that "The Man Without a Country" has passed its half-million mark. For some this statement may seem to bring the gentle minister and author a little nearer the popular literary point of view, although his own words, which shall be used here, will prove that he is as much a part of the life of to-day, with his well-nigh eighty years, as he was when he penned that sermon on patriotism thirty-nine years ago. Dr. Hale's authorship began, however, with "The Rosary," published in 1848. Since then he has published exactly fifty books, and although there may be some doubt in the minds of the academy of American letters upon whom to confer the title of "Dean," there is not the slightest as to whom the title of "Patriarch" rightfully belongs.

A few steps back from the highest part of Highland Street, Roxbury, stands a house which was built nearly a century ago, when the still lingering colonial architecture began to take on something of the Greek ornamentation in portico and interior. Originally constructed for a boarding school, the house is roomy and convenient. Across one sunny side stretches what was once the school-room. To-day it is the library and study of the patriarch of American letters. But before entering and engaging in conversation with its aged occupant, let us recall to mind a few things which may place us more at ease.

It would be an impertinence to the American reader to say anything about Dr. Hale's family, which for more than a century has been identified with the patriotic and intellectual life of the Bay State, or of his own services in the cause of patriotism, charity, religion, and public service; but it is appropriate to recall, because of the questions which we shall ask him, that he was a student at Harvard with the class that was graduated in 1839. Then Josiah Quincy, the elder, was president of that institution; Longfellow, not yet promoted to be professor of *belles-lettres*, taught German, and from him

young Hale, then under seventeen, absorbed what he could; while from Edward Tyrrell Channing he learned English composition and rhetoric, and from an Italian refugee, Pietro Bachi, the Italian language and literature.

At that period his father, Nathan Hale, was the editor of "The Daily Advertiser," then and for many years known as "The Respectable Daily," and on which Edward was to receive his apprenticeship in journalism, and finally succeed his brother, Charles Hale, as its editor. At the office of "The Advertiser," on State Street, or in the Old Corner Bookstore, across the way, or at the home of his father in Brookline, young Hale met those dignified gentlemen in black stocks, the backbone of Puritan society in Boston and Cambridge, whose sons were growing up with him, and with him were to form that creative school of New England literature, rich with the names of Everett, Hawthorne, Prescott, Ticknor, Fields, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, and of which, except for Mrs. Howe and Colonel Higginson, Dr. Hale is now the sole survivor.

As has been said, the house in Highland Street is colonial, with Greek proclivities. En-

tering from the portico, over which is a pediment supported by huge wood-sheathed Doric columns, the visitor finds himself in an atrium, upon which two large square rooms open, one on each hand. Everywhere is found those relics of the scholar and traveller who possesses friends all over the world, and whose father possessed them and others before him. Some fine copies of the old masters are to be seen, and three or four pieces of sculpture, while in one of the rooms hangs a small bookcase filled with old-style 16mo volumes, which bear upon their title-pages the name of the illustrious uncle of Dr. Hale, for whom he was named. The room opposite is now the temporary studio of the doctor's artist son, Philip Hale, who keeps in touch, as it were, with a family tradition by occasionally contributing art criticisms to "The Boston Daily Advertiser." Beyond the atrium is a small hallway, which, walled on the left with books, suddenly suggests to the visitor what may be expected on the other side of the curtains which cover the further end.

In the library, shelves reach to the ceiling, and although it is an uncommonly large room, measuring about twelve by twenty-five feet, the steady accumulation of books has made it neces-

sary to erect new cases, which, emerging from the walls by the windows, form pleasant alcoves. There are about six thousand books in the library, and in a room below, which is entered by a narrow staircase, there are as many more, while another room off the library contains, upon carefully arranged shelves, some twelve thousand pamphlets, tracts, and unbound volumes.

Here Dr. Hale received the writer of this sketch one Sunday evening. He was seated in a low, comfortable chair, and, as the visitor entered he laid aside a lapboard upon which he had been writing. This board contained, in carefully secured receptacles, pens, ink, paper, and envelopes.

"You see," said the doctor, reseating himself after salutations had been exchanged, "this is a most convenient desk. I am not bothered by having to rise from it. I just put it aside. Most of my writing, however, I do at that desk over there," and he indicated a large, broad desk with ample elbow room on top.

"You apparently have an ideal workroom here," it was remarked.

"The best," was the gentle reply, "for it

is stored with memories as well as books. My father's books are here, and my sister's, and my brothers'. Shall we take a stroll around it?"

Dr. Hale seemed rather to extend himself and to unfold himself from his chair than to rise abruptly from it. In spite of his "student's stoop," which he has carried for many years, he is a tall man, and in his youth he must have been very strong physically. But now, either in repose or in action, he produces the illusion of great physical strength, while his high forehead, deep-set eyes, full beard, and hair which almost touches his shoulders, would suggest the mystic were it not that the smile, which from time to time lights up the face, is clear and bright. The eyes flash with an intelligence that is frank and free. The voice, in spite of forty-five years of preaching, is as clear in tone and fine in quality as the bells of a cathedral clock.

In a corner of the library stands a small, square table supported by four plain legs painted white. Pointing to it, Dr. Hale said: "That is one of the twenty-two desks of the Confederate Senate. After the war I heard that they were being sold at auction, and so I asked the committee to send me one. Of course, it

would add to its interest if I only knew what Demosthenes of the South stood over it."

"What is it made of? Palmetto wood?"

"No, sir, pine. Pine which, I fancy, came from the woods of Maine."

Dr. Hale pointed out a set of shelves, standing a little apart from the rest, which he said contained the first editions of his own works, collected by a former faithful secretary, and presented to him as a parting gift. "You see I have been translated," he said as he picked up a copy of "In His Name," the scene of which is laid in Lyons, "although," added the doctor with a kindly smile, "the good Frenchman, who performed that service for me, deemed the book not quite orthodox enough. But he straightened it out all right."

His fingers wandered lovingly, almost longingly, over the backs of the volumes, pausing here and there to relate some circumstance of the writing or publication of a certain book. His hand sought the upper shelf, and his fingers brushed several thin volumes, each of which bore the same title. All were different editions of "The Man Without a Country."

"I am fond of that story," said the doctor, simply, "and, do you know, it has been fre-

quently translated. The Germans tried it, adapted it to suit their own ideas of patriotism, and published it anonymously. An American editor happened to see it, and, thinking it a good story, had it translated from the German for American readers. What do you think of that? An attempt to teach American lads patriotism à la Hohenzollern," and Dr. Hale laughed heartily.

Presently he added: "When the Spanish War broke out, I thought the lesson I had tried to teach in 1863 was a good one to remember while driving the Spaniards from Cuba, so I wrote a new introduction to 'The Man Without a County,' and brought it out again. It still found readers."

It was tentatively suggested that some of the doctor's old friends in "The Hub" had not taken the story quite so much to heart as they had thirty-five years ago.

With that Dr. Hale's eyes kindled. "Oh, I know what you mean," he said, smiling; "but you should not judge all Boston and Cambridge because our irreconcilables are fond of getting into print. You see, they must oppose something. Thirty-five years ago they rightly opposed the Union becoming any smaller.

Now they object to having it become any larger. I do not know how they make the two ends meet. Evidently, however, they deem themselves sufficient unto themselves. So let's not talk any more about them."

We had walked to the end of the library across which a fireplace had been built, designed, the doctor said, by his son Herbert, who is an architect. On the andirons three huge logs were briskly burning, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the warmth. Dr. Hale said he tried to read in current literature all that people tell him he ought to read. "But," he added, "I never promise to read a book through. And I leave them about—in the street car—on the railway train—anywhere I happen to drop them."

Will Carleton

In Greene Avenue, Brooklyn

BY MR. CARLETON.

Born in Hudson, Mich., in 1845.

Farm Ballads. 1873.
Farm Legends. 1876.
Farm Festivals. 1880.
City Ballads. 1885.
City Legends. 1887.
City Festivals. 1892.
Rhymes of Our Planet. 1895.

XVI

Will Carleton

In Greene Avenue, Brooklyn

SOMETIMES, though rarely, the latter-day poet is a man of substance. There ought to be no good reason why this were not so. Poetry as well as prose, provided it be good poetry, should be a profitable literary ware in the market-place. One, however, is not apt to think of the poet as a money maker. The tradition of Milton and his "Paradise Lost," sold for a few guineas, comes to the mind, and a score of like instances. Is not the poet pictured as a garret dweller, and are not poetry and scanty recompense his bedfellows?

In Brooklyn lives a poet whose profits for many years might be envied by writers of novels selling in many editions. His name has long been a household word. In simple, homely phrase, in unambitious rhyme, he touched American and English hearts for more than a generation. So well he sounded the chords of unromantic, every-day human life, that his stanzas have been well cried over and in great

numbers bought, while in the same households Spenser has lain dust-covered on the shelves, and even Shakespeare been seldom opened.

This comes from being a poet of real life. These thoughts came to the visitor's mind as he climbed the stairs behind Will Carleton's broad shoulders on the way to his study on the top floor of his Brooklyn home in Greene Avenue —a pleasant brownstone dwelling of three stories. It might have been the home of any prosperous business man. Yet No. 420 had, somehow, a different air from its neighbors. What it was would have been hard to tell—perhaps just the touch that came from the tall palm on the stoop.

"And here we are," said Mr. Carleton. We had mounted to the doors of the workshop. The click of a typewriting machine could be plainly heard. In a "den" of her own, the back hall room, the poet's secretary sat, leaning over a heap of manuscript. We passed into the back room, furnished simply with a large table, heaps of newspapers about, some scissored and some waiting for this operation—for Will Carleton was now an editor with a magazine of his own.

"But my real workroom is here," said he, leading the way into the room at the front.

The walls were covered with books, and the centre of the room had them as well. There was left only space for passageways, and the windows were at the end of vistas disclosing the tools of the writer's trade.

"I shut myself in here," said he. "By that window there is my desk, behind those bookcases. You must come this way to see it. Here in these pigeonholes are my 'commonplace books.' At this other window is my 'business desk.' Nothing but business is done on it. There trips are planned out, the affairs of 'Everywhere' conducted, and all my business papers and records kept. When 'Everywhere's' business manager comes for a conference we sit here. No papers ever are allowed to stray from one desk to the other."

This poet is a business man as well, and a notable one. He does not seem unlike a merchant. His talk is crisp and to the point, his ideas are practical. Were it not for a certain artist-like way he has of wearing his clothes—were it not for his flowing student necktie—he might almost be taken for a director of some commercial enterprise.

Time's cycle of thirty years—it is fully thirty years since Will Carleton, then a boyish college

graduate, sprang instantaneously into fame—has hardly aged him. He is astonishingly young. Decades have only brought more girth and filled out his face. He is the same sympathetic, frank-souled youngster that took up causes with his pen in the days when all the world was young and full of injustice to people who lived in it.

His has been a really uneventful life, a life of writing verse after verse, drama after drama in rhyme, of frequent tours on the lecture platform, and then, in later years, editing, into which he threw himself with old-time enthusiasm. The remarkable thing about his life is that he did not allow early success to spoil it. Many a man has failed because he succeeded too quickly. But with Will Carleton it was the reverse. The praise that came to him as a boy only led him to dip his pen in the ink again and again and do still better.

"I wrote all through my college days in the West," he began, "and just before I was graduated published my first volume, 'Poems, by William M. Carleton.' I suppose I was popular among the boys in my class, and I was certainly well known about that portion of the country, for there was no difficulty in selling

an edition of several hundred copies. Several of the fellows travelled around and sold the book on commission.

"After college I went into newspaper work; first on a country paper, then in Detroit, then in Chicago. All this time I was writing poems. Some of those most quoted in after years appeared in this way. I sent them out widely, but always to some paper in the West. I had not thought of writing for the East then, nor was I thinking of reputation. That all came suddenly and as a matter of pure chance.

"It came almost right away, too," continued he, in the most matter-of-fact tone. "I simply sent out the poems. Some lay among my papers a long time. Some, written while I was still in college, did not see the light of print until months afterward. They did not seem good enough to me when I wrote them. But I found that they were liked; that there was a demand for more. I sent out the old ones, and wrote new ones, all the time keeping on with general newspaper work.

"Well, they were copied, here and there. Many of the best of that time found their way into 'The Toledo Blade.' I got requests for poems from papers I had hardly heard of before.

All this was within two years after I had left college. Finally 'Harper's Weekly' did what was for them a totally unprecedented thing. They copied one of my poems out of 'The Toledo Blade' and illustrated it. Then they copied another. It was only a short time before they asked me to write for them."

The rest of the story can be briefly told. Almost immediately Will Carleton found himself in the East, giving up the greater part of his time to the Harper publications. His pen never once flagged, though he had then, while still a boy, scored what might well be called an enviable success. In 1873 his first real book, "Farm Ballads," came off the press.

"My characters?" he went on, responding to a question. "None of them is what you would call real. That is, they are composites. All are modelled from real persons, but nearly every one from several. But they are drawn from life, of course. The scenes and places are taken from my own experience and observation. I am always watching for subjects, and I find them by travel, in both the city and country.

"Do I write quickly? Yes, when I am in the mood. That is, my verse. Prose I can

write at all times. Many numbers of 'Everywhere' I have written in great part on trains. But poetry has to come to me. The poems grow in my mind, and once one is there it is speedily set down.

"Which of my poems do I like the best? That would be a hard question to answer. I can tell you more easily which have been the most successful on the platform. For, as you know, I have done a great deal of reciting in recent years from my own works. These are 'The First Settler's Baby,' from 'Farm Festivals'; 'Uncle Sammy,' from 'Farm Legends'; 'The Negro Funeral,' from 'City Legends'; the Farmer Stebbins poems, 'True to Brother Spear,' 'Elder Lamb's Donation,' and 'Hear the Drums March By,' from 'City Festivals.'"

The visitor picked up the latter book lying on the desk beside him, and turned to the last mentioned, a poem perhaps not quite as well known as many of Mr. Carleton's, but which will live for its pathos and dramatic effect:

"Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by!
This is Decoration Day, hurry and be spry!
Wheel me to the window, girl! fling it open high!
Crippled of the body now, and blinded of the eye,
Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by."

"Here are two of my favorites now," said Mr. Carleton, as he turned over the pages of "Farm Festivals"—"'The Song of the Axe' and 'The Dead Student.' Do you remember them?" And who does not, and who would not find it a source of profit and pleasure to go through these volumes once more, picking out well-remembered bits such as this:

"Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are crossways and Betsey and I are out."

But to tell of excursions made through these volumes would need many columns. Enthusiasm gleamed on Mr. Carleton's face as he read over the words he had written a quarter of a century before. "You will, perhaps, be interested in knowing," he said, "that a new edition of all my books was recently published. The old square form has been discarded. The new books are of library size." Will Carleton in his new dress is indeed a delight.

Marion Crawford

In Sorrento, Italy

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

Born in Bagni di Lucca, Italy, in 1854.

Mr. Isaacs. 1882.
Dr. Claudius. 1886.
A Tale of a Lonely Parish. 1886.
Marzio's Crucifix. 1886.
Saracinesca. 1887.
With the Immortals. 1888.
Sant' Ilario. 1889.
A Roman Singer. 1890.
Katherine Lauderdale. 1893.
The Ralstons. 1893.
Casa Braccio. 1894.
Constantinople. 1895.
Taquisara. 1895.
A Rose of Yesterday. 1897.
Ave Roma Immortalis. 1898.
Via Crucis. 1898.
In the Palace of the King. 1900.

Mr. Crawford in his "Loft" in New York.

XVII

Marion Crawford

In Sorrento, Italy

ONE of the few obviously sincere poems penned by Publius Statius has some lines celebrating the delights of a Surrentine villa owned by his friend Pollius Felix. Modern Sorrento has the same function and offers the same delights as did the Surrentum of the Augustan age. It is a watering place, and now, as then, when the month of August arrives, the aristocracy of Rome disports itself, in fatigue dress, as it were, upon the cool cliffs which give it shelter as well as elevation. And there, too, is the family of Pollius, conspicuous and proud in its claim of ancient lineage.

Some centuries after Statius enjoyed the hospitality of his friend, another poet, Bernardo Tasso, sang once more the praises of a villa at Sorrento. Later, in our own time, an American novelist, whose birth a curiously appreciative fate had decreed should be in a small town in Tuscany, saw a villa at Sorrento, and made it

the scene of his novel called "To Leeward." There are no means of knowing whether the sites of these three villas are identical. But it is pleasant to think that they are, and to imagine that it was something more than a mere desire for "color" which impelled Mr. Crawford to return again and again to that villa, and awakened in him and in his wife a desire to possess it, until finally the long-awaited opportunity came. They found themselves first the tenants and then the owners of that beautiful habitation in white which peers northward over the Bay of Naples.

This villa seems caught, as it were, upon the edge of a line of cliffs which rises abruptly from the southern shore of the bay to an altitude of nearly two hundred feet. Almost directly north frowns Vesuvius, which, at varying periods, illuminates the night with its fitful torch, and over which there is usually seen a canopy of yellow smoke. The villa is three stories in height, above a basement and cellar cut in the very cliff itself.

When the Crawfords took possession, the upper floors, as is common in Italy, were reached by an exterior staircase; now these stairs, which are on the right of the building as one faces the

bay, are inclosed in an octagonal tower. A balcony sweeps around the tower to the front, until it joins a terrace running along the very edge of the cliff. Near the tower a "calata" descends by a series of steps, inclines, and landings to the bay beneath.

As one enters the dwelling from a typical *porte-cochère* into a roomy vestibule, on the right appears the dining-room, which conveniently opens upon the balcony, while on the left is the library, the walnut cases of which, filled with books, rise to the ceiling. These cases, which formerly belonged to the Massimo family, are said to have held the private library of Pope Clement X., who, before he sat in St. Peter's chair, bore the name of Altieri. The rest of the floor is occupied by the drawing-room, which runs parallel to the cliff.

Here and in the library are paintings, some of which are family portraits, and pieces of sculpture, including a specimen or two from the chisel of the author's distinguished father. The library, however attractive it may appear to the visitor, is not the workroom. What Mr. Crawford calls his "den" is at the top of the house, right off the tower, where by certain curious and original devices he can remain undisturbed

while the rest of the house may be given over to the laughter, chatter, and music of guests.

On entering the Bay of Naples, even at night, when Vesuvius is in eruption, the white villa is clearly discernible against the range of mountains which form its background, and which are, in truth, the backbone of the peninsula of Sorrento. In the daytime one simply observes a single element of a typical Italian landscape—deep azure above, white, heat-laden waters beneath, waters through which fishing-boats take their desultory way, and little steamboats ply between Naples and Sorrento, giving a sort of mechanical and modern movement to the picture.

But there is always a plenty of animation, free and human, around the Crawford villa, where the author's children play with their friends upon the terrace, or, at the foot of the "calata," prance about in bathing suits or daringly swim in the water of the bay. There are four of them, and all good swimmers. The oldest boy is now fourteen, handsome and dashing, and nearly up to the six-feet-one of his father. He has the latter's full chest and broad, military shoulders.

Every winter, for a month or two, Mr. Crawford, having sent his family to Rome, comes to

America, where he occupies what he calls a "loft" near his publishers, in Fifth Avenue. This "loft" is furnished in a way that the occupant finds convenient. There are a few pictures about, some foils, a pair of Indian clubs, and a plain hardwood table with pens and paper thereon. The whole atmosphere of the place is suggestive of an impecunious student rather than a successful man of letters.

"Do you know you have the reputation, Mr. Crawford," said a friend of his who had interrupted him covering large sheets of thin paper with closely packed, rapidly written lines, in an almost miniature hand—"do you know, that people think you come to New York simply to work like a slave for a month or two, produce two or three novels, and then go back to sunny Italy, where you spend the remainder of the twelve months in luxurious leisure—in languidly sailing about the Mediterannean in your yacht?"

"But that is not so, I assure you," replied the author, while a shadow of annoyance passed rapidly over his clear-cut features. "It is very seldom that I take a holiday, and whether I am at Sorrento or at Amalfi, or on board the 'Alda,' I manage to work a part of every day. 'Nulla

dies sine linea,' as Pliny says. You remember that the 'Alda' was formerly the 'Ezra Nye,' a New York pilot-boat, which I purchased just six years ago and sailed across the Atlantic myself. From the water line up I had her completely rebuilt and refitted in such way that I am almost as much at home on board of her as in my workshop here or at Sorrento, and there I work with equal ease. In the summer I usually go over to Sicily in her, and in making my researches for 'The Rulers of the South' I found her very convenient for running to Palermo, Malta, and the coast of Calabria. She is a fine, roomy boat, and very stanch."

"Still," said the visitor; "when you manage to produce in a single year a book like 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' as well as a couple of novels, you must forgive the public if they think you make 'copy' rapidly."

"But the public is all wrong. The work you mention was the labor of years, while one of the novels to which you refer, 'Via Crucis,' had been planned, written, and published serially some time before it appeared in book form. I assure you there are reasonably long periods in which no new book of mine appears; but these intervals are occasionally punctuate dby the ap-

pearance of an old book in new dress, which probably accounts for the illusion possessed by the public."

"Would you mind telling me something about your methods of work? Does a novel grow up and develop itself as you write? Or do you write only when you have a story in your head? What usually suggests a story to you?"

"There is very little variety in my methods of work. I think the first thing which suggests a story to me is a character. It was obviously so in the case of 'Mr. Isaacs.' If it had not been for him I might at this moment be a professor of Sanskrit in some American college. First, as I say, I become attracted by a character. Then, if that character be historical, I plunge into the history and traditions surrounding its life and absorb them; but if it be not historical I make myself acquainted with its environment and with persons whom I can use as foils for its individuality.

"The story gradually shapes itself. Then I select my title, and, going over the whole scenario in my mind, I map out the incidents and situations, although I do not always promise myself to follow the plan to the end; when I do I am not always satisfied. I had promised my-

self great things for the Knight Gilbert in 'Via Crucis,' but when it came to writing the last pages I was very unwell, and so could do little else than follow my original formula, feeling all the time that my art was suffering thereby.

"Rarely the story, and not a character, suggests the possibilities of a novel. The story of 'Marietta : A Maid of Venice,' I found in history, and in the interpretations that had been given it by several chroniclers. So I studied all its sources, read and reread all the interpretations, and then wrote it down while enjoying the full illusion of the actual time and events. 'In the Palace of the King' I constructed first in the form of a drama, which made it necessary to conform to certain stagecraft and histrionic usages; then I wrote the novel around the play."

"Do you not think," it was asked, "that a novel gains greatly in form and coherence in being written in that way ? "

"I do not," was the quick rejoinder. "The rules of theatric art hamper and impede the art of the novelist. In a play it is necessary to pay attention to the three unities in some sort of manner, in order to hasten the movement and emphasize properly the dramatic points, that

the story may appeal to the dramatic instinct of the audience. Very rarely in real life does a story unfold itself in that way. The dramatist takes only what he finds to be dramatic. The novelist, although he should not attempt to tell all, should concern himself with the average, and emphasize only those situations which his art impels him to."

"I see that Mme. Bernhardt has a play of yours on the Francesca da Rimini episode, and that even before she presents it we may have a novel from you on the same subject. Have you employed the same methods here that you did in the play and the novel of 'In the Palace of the King'?"

"Not at all. The play in this case is simply one dramatic episode in a novel which I have been writing for the last two years, and which concerns itself with the closing scenes of that great struggle which was carried on in Italy between the Papal party and the Imperialists, between the Guelf and the Ghibelline."

As Mr. Crawford arose to accompany the visitor to the door he pointed to a couple of photographs on the wall, one showing his yacht "Alda" as she now appears and the other when she was known as the "Ezra Nye." The con-

versation reverted to the yacht and her summer cruises. The impression made on the visitor was that, whatever motives might impel Mr. Crawford to visit New York in the most dreary part of the year, he was longing to return to his work and play in that delightful land whose beauty age cannot wither and whose infinite variety custom can never stale.

Gilbert Parker

In Carlton House Terrace, London

BY MR. PARKER.

Born in Canada in 1862.

Pierre and His People. 1892.
The Translation of a Savage. 1894.
The Seats of the Mighty. 1896.
The Pomp of the Lavillettes. 1897.
The Battle of the Strong. 1898.
The Right of Way. 1901.

Gilbert Parker.

XVIII

Gilbert Parker

In Carlton House Terrace, London

ONLY at the end of a three-thousand mile chase, extending over many months, did the writer at last succeed in securing an interview with Mr. Parker. The game, however, was large enough to repay for the pursuit. The acquaintance with the author of "Pierre and His People" began in March, 1901, in London, when a letter was sent requesting an interview. Englishmen are proverbially jealous of their privacy, especially on their own ground; and the writer was therefore pleasantly surprised to receive a note fixing a time to call in Carlton House Terrace, London, W. With the over-confidence born of an easy success, he proceeded, on the day in question, from the dingy neighborhood of the British Museum to the Horseshoe, past Piccadilly Circus, and then westward to the charmed precincts of fashion and rank.

Carlton House Terrace is certainly one of the most delightful—and perhaps the most dis-

tinguished—of the many beautiful residential oases of the vast city on the Thames. Overlooking the houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and St. James's Park, and within a few minutes' walk of Piccadilly, it yet enjoys the repose and leisured quiet of a grass-grown university town. The terrace proper is only a very few blocks in length, and, coming from Piccadilly and turning eastward into it in search of No. 20, the visitor finds himself between two solemn, stately rows of substantial yellowish-brown residences that are almost as dignified in appearance as the automatic butlers who are waiting behind each entrance door to awe the frivolous into a proper sense of life's seriousness.

Carriages enter this street, but they enter only to return upon their tracks, or to remain there forever; as, like indebtedness, it offers no escape at the other end. There is, however, more than one way of escape from an "impasse." Mounting the steps of the next to the last house on the left-hand side—opposite Mr. William Waldorf Astor's—the writer rang the bell, and was admitted by a liveried servant, who might have stepped out of the books of any one of a hundred English novelists, into a hallway not unlike that of the regulation hallway of New

York houses, and was shown up the stairway to the little bureau of Mr. Parker's secretary, where the author was waiting before the hearth.

"I am sorry to have given you this journey for nothing," he said, fixing his clear dark blue eyes upon the visitor when the formalities of greeting were over; "but my object in having you come was that I might make my refusal to be interviewed somewhat more courteous. I have to refuse all requests for interviews on literary and personal matters."

This certainly was a disheartening reception; but from the ensuing discussion regarding interviews and interviewers, in the course of which the host told many interesting facts of his life, it would have been an easy task to write an entertaining article had he not disarmed the visitor by his "noblesse oblige" manner of assuming that the betrayal of a confidence thus given, even though without expressed prohibition, was beyond the range of possibility. Despite a deep-seated reserve toward members of the press, it is impossible to deny to Englishmen the exercise of great courtesy in the treatment of those whom they consider their natural enemies. Mr. Parker is, to be sure, a Canadian by birth; but in this,

as in most other matters, he is essentially English.

This was the extent of the writer's experience with the author of "Pierre" in England, and, as he thought, the end of his experience with him in a journalistic capacity forever. But Mr. Parker soon followed the writer across the ocean—whether regretful of the missed interview or not only he can say—and the two men again found themselves within hail of each other, with the result that a meeting was arranged in New York, at the Century Club, from which the harvest has proved greater than from the former meeting. In London the author and parliamentarian was rather formidable; in America a more cordial side of his character was shown, and one that is more familiar to experience. This was doubtless, in part, due to the confidence that sprang from previous acquaintance; but it was, without question, also due to the liberalizing influence of American views and practices.

"If you don't mind, we might go for a walk and talk en route," said the novelist on the occasion of this American meeting, "and thus kill two birds with one stone."

Accordingly, the two left the club and directed their course up Fifth Avenue just at the

hour when New York's devotees of fashion were turning out for their daily drive or walk.

"Next to the Champs Elysées, leading up to the Arc de Triomphe and the approach to the Bois," said my companion, as we approached Fiftieth Street and gained a view of the park and the imposing buildings of the neighborhood, "I think this is the most beautiful street in the world. I am glad that I am a Britisher, but if I were an American I should be just as enthusiastic about this country and just as proud of her as the average American is."

"Well, of course, New York is not America, is it?" the writer said, thinking of Chinatown, Little Italy, East Houston Street, and the other foreign quarters that have so little in common with Fifth Avenue. "You know, nobody was ever born in New York—not even Richard Croker."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed the novelist, "but I suppose it's true; one hardly ever does meet anybody who was born here."

In manner and mode of speech Mr. Parker belongs to the "modified" English type; not to the extremists, whose accent and bearing might proclaim their nationality to an observer on Mars. Accordingly, the writer inquired,

with some curiosity, how he had fared at the hands of American newspapers.

"On the whole, I have been treated very well by American newspaper men," was the reply. "When I came over here this time I had, aside from my personal affairs, a certain political mission which I have since put through, and which, for obvious reasons, I desired kept absolutely secret. In some manner—how, I don't know—the newspapers here had got an inkling of it, and when the reporters came aboard the ship they asked me about it.

"'Now, gentlemen,' I said to them, as they stood round me in a circle, 'it's true that I have a political mission; and I'm going to answer your questions, but I ask you to give me your word that you won't mention this matter in your papers, and I hope you won't press me with inconvenient questions.' They gave me their word, and they kept it, too."

"Even the 'yellow' ones?"

"Yes, even the 'yellow' ones."

"Well, even with all the undoubted evils of modern journalism," the writer said, "there is one protection a man has, and that is, the public refuses to believe concocted stories about him unless they fit his character. You could

not pin a Lincoln story, for instance, on to Kaiser Wilhelm."

"No, that's true. I had never formulated it, but I feel it's the truth," he replied, in the enthusiastic manner of the liberal man who is pleased with the acquisition of a new idea, however unimportant. Indeed, Mr. Parker distinctly conveys the impression of a man who has gone through life with eyes and ears on the alert for what they could devour; and to this is doubtless due the healthy, objective tone of his literary work. He is of medium height, with clear-cut features and dark hair and beard, and of nervous, energetic, though quiet, manner.

"I noticed that you had quite a family reunion in Chicago," the writer said, wishing to open anew the discussion of Kipling's "Islanders," which Mr. Parker had pilloried in interviews in the western city; "according to the papers, you met several brothers there."

"I have a brother there," he replied, with a significant smile; "one at a time is enough in Chicago."

"I was much interested in what you said about Kipling's poem," the writer said. "You know, there has been a decided reaction against his popularity here, measured by the standard

of what it was a few years ago, at the time of his sickness."

"Mr. Kipling is a great man—a genius, but not a political genius, nor necessarily a leader of the people and a national preacher. I take issue with his politics. He thought he had discovered a new field in political propaganda—conscription, and that kind of thing. Americans are tremendously keen and educated on all political matters, and they perceive that he is speaking on a subject of which he necessarily knows no more than the man of the street.

"I have no criticism whatever to make of Kipling's literary work, for which I have a profound admiration; but when he assumes to speak on public questions in verse, then the poem in which he does so is to be treated as any other exposition of a man's views, and in so far ceases to be mere literature. Mind, I say nothing behind Kipling's back that I would not say to his face, just as I do not hesitate to criticise my political leader, Mr. Balfour, if I think he is wrong on any question.

"When I first started in to write," said Mr. Parker, in the course of the walk, breaking through his rule of not speaking of his own career, "I happened to know Archibald Forbes

in London. So I thought I would get him to give me a note to the Macmillans, and see whether they would not bring out a book of short stories for me. He read the stories, and then invited me round to dine, to give me the letter of introduction and his opinion of the stories.

"'I have read your sketches,' he said, after dinner, 'and I must say this of them: I have never seen such a fine collection of titles in my life.' 'There, don't say another word, Mr. Forbes,' I said; 'I understand perfectly; each title suggests a complete idea which the story fails to carry out. I understand perfectly.'

Thereupon I went home and burned every one of them. Then I sat down and wrote the first of the 'Pierre' series, which was the beginning of whatever success I have had."

Robert Barr

In Woldingham, Surrey, England

BY MR. BARR.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1850.

From Whose Bourne. 1888.
The Face and the Mask. 1892.
Revenge. 1894.
In the Midst of Alarms. 1894.
A Woman Intervenes. 1896.
The Mutable Many. 1897.
The Strong Arm. 1897.
Tekla. 1898.
The Unchanging East. 1899.
Jennie Baxter. 1899.
The Victors. 1900.

XIX

Robert Barr

In Woldingham, Surrey, England

IN attempting a description of Robert Barr, a native of Scotland, who came to this country with his parents and won his spurs as a writer in Detroit, but whose home in late years has been in England, it may not be amiss to quote from a characteristic letter received from him in answer to a request for an interview. It is dated from Hillhead, Woldingham, Surrey.

"I live away out in the country," said he, "two miles from a station, and, as this is the haying season, the man who does our wagon work can't spare a horse. I brought a pair of horses over with me from America two months ago, but they are not broken; so, if you come on Thursday, there is a walk ahead of you from Woldingham station, up-hill all the way. However, the landscape is so arranged that the road is down-hill when you leave the house. Thus there are compensations. Come in time for lunch on Thursday. There is always some-

thing to drink in the cellar when a thirsty man reaches the top of the hill. It is only right to warn you that I'm not worth a darn to interview, as I don't know anything, have no theories, nor any ideas that would tend to enlighten a discriminating public. But if it is a clear day, you will have the prettiest view from my veranda you have seen for many a day."

Concerning the view from Mr. Barr's veranda, there can be no two opinions. His hospitality, and the sturdy cheerfulness of his conversation, outrival it, however, as compensations for the up-hill walk, while the vigor and manliness of his theories are even more refreshing than the best drinks from his cellar. And yet, Mr. Barr in his travels has been among the monasteries wherein the best chartreuse and other liqueurs are made, and has known the makers.

From the veranda, off to the south, one looks down over a great, broad stretch of typical English country, with the villages of Westerham, where Wolfe was born, and Oxtend, visible in the distance. Red and thatched roofs at intervals show plainly among the trees. Mr. Barr's house is comparatively new, having been built about five years ago. It has for its site the highest ground in the neighborhood. The library

is on the first floor. Over the fireplace, after an original idea, bookshelves rise almost to the ceiling. In this room is what the author calls his "Whistler corner." Many drawings by Whistler hang there.

Mr. Barr's study is at the top, where he spends most of his time, amid manuscripts and American and English proof sheets. He is indefatigable in the care and precision with which he writes, corrects, and revises. In this and in his manner of conversation, he shows much of that energy and alertness of temperament with which he imbues so many of the characters in his novels.

He is also a patriot, speaking with unstinted praise of his countrymen in America, especially of their bravery in the war with Spain, and of their inventive genius. In the mechanical sciences he is much interested, and points with pride to the discoveries and inventions of Americans now in use the world over.

"After all," said Mr. Barr, "I understand the Americans better than any other people. Therefore, I expect to confine most of my writing in future to them and their scenes. My book, 'The Mutable Many,' however, was a story of the English. I wanted to attempt one

such and am pretty well satisfied with the result. But there is a vast difference between the Americans and the English, you know, and, as Kipling says: 'A man must write what's in his bones.'" Mr. Barr was one of Mr. Kipling's earliest friends, and from the first predicted his success.

Although Mr. Barr speaks thus of the difference between the English and Americans, and, though he looks upon the accomplishment of an Anglo-American alliance with doubt, he has no questions as to its results, which he believes would be of inestimable benefit to both nations.

"For," said he, "to whom does the English-speaking traveller turn in all emergencies? Who is the friend of Anglo-Saxon naval officers in the remotest corners of the world? With whom do we all, from the lowliest tar to the most powerful Ambassador, lock arms? It is with the people who speak our language, those who have our feelings, and our interests. Of all this sympathy an alliance should be the natural outcome."

Mr. Barr is an inveterate smoker, having a partiality for American cigarettes, which he imports for his own use. Enveloped in smoke, he talks on so pleasantly that hours seem little more

than minutes, telling of his literary life, both as journalist and author. He recounts his experiences as editor of "The Idler," which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome published in coöperation with him, and which met with immediate success after its first introduction.

With the leading writers in England and America Mr. Barr is, of course, acquainted, and holds decided opinions concerning their respective merits. Unlike many authors, he seems to harbor little bitterness toward publishers, some of whom are indebted to him for part of their success, thanks to the ideas he has given them, not only in the form of good fiction, but regarding periodicals and other matters in their interest. He is a man who sees opportunities, and is generous with suggestions. He loves to be abreast of the times, cognizant of happenings in politics, affairs of government, and the doings of prominent individuals. He believes in progress and action, being little given to abstraction or theoretical analysis.

Mr. Barr, during the present visit, was correcting the proofs of a novel which was to appear in America and England simultaneously. He is a great admirer of American printing methods, and this book was set up in New York

for both the English and American editions, plates made in New York being used to print from in London. Other books of his have had the composition done on both sides of the Atlantic, but the American page invariably has met with his preference.

James Lane Allen

In Kentucky and New York

BY MR. ALLEN.

Born in Kentucky in 1849.

Flute and Violin. 1891.
The Blue Grass Region. 1892.
John Gray. 1893.
A Kentucky Cardinal. 1894.
A Summer in Arcady.
The Choir Invisible. 1899.
The Reign of Law. 1900.

James Lane Allen

XX

James Lane Allen

In Kentucky and New York

THE author of "The Choir Invisible," that beautiful story of steadfastness, love, and pain, has scarcely had in late years what could be called a permanent abiding place. For a time he dwelt in Washington. Again, and quite recently, he has lived in New York, at one period having an apartment in Madison Avenue. It was while living in this apartment that he completed the revision of his latest story, "The Reign of Law."

The writer met him on the very day when Mr. Allen had read the last proofs of that story. It was evening, and the meeting came about by chance, in a dining-room at the Murray Hill Hotel, that edifice which, in January, 1902, became a sufferer from a tragic explosion. Mr. Allen had dropped in on his way to the Century Club, where he expected to spend the evening. He had sought rest and refreshment alone at a small table. As he rose to extend his hand, the tall Kentucky figure towered above a man

himself nearly six feet in height, the manner having something of an old-time grace and distinction about it, the grasp unmistakably cordial, with a warmth in the spacious palm that flushed the face of him on whom the privilege was bestowed.

The apartment has since been abandoned. Mr. Allen has been heard from as in Europe, or West Virginia, and quite recently he was in Atlantic City. On a bright January morning in 1902, he came in from Atlantic City for a day in New York, and by appointment was met at the Century Club.

"I was surprised," said the caller, "to hear the English novelist Phillpotts say he had never drawn a single note of inspiration from London, and that his constant thought when there had been: 'When can I escape from this awful place!' None of your work, I believe, Mr. Allen, has had its scenes laid directly in New York."

"A man," said he, "ought to live about four months of the year in New York and the rest of the time away from it, in the country. I've long had the intention of buying a place in the neighborhood of New York, not more than an hour distant, but hitherto I have not been

able to carry out my plan; however, I am going to do it soon. The morning is the time for work, the afternoon for exercise and outdoor life, and the evening for one's friends. I remember when I first came to New York, as a lad, from Kentucky and set eyes on the signs of which I had heard all my life, the signs of the great magazines and publishers, I was ready literally to go down on my knees before them. But that's a personal application, and hence beside the mark."

Mr. Allen's real home is the land he has celebrated, his own Kentucky. In that charming piece of autobiography which in 1900 he prefixed to the illustrated edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath," he made that home somewhat intimately known to his readers. "My father," he said, "had moved with his family to a farm that had been left to him by his father and entailed for the benefit of us, his children; and there I continued to live until I was twenty-two years of age, without ever having been outside of the State of Kentucky or having seen more than once or twice any but the nearest village."

On this farm, which represented a fragment of the original family estate, stood a brick house

of the Virginia pattern, "a very good one for the time at which it had been built." Here in boyhood Mr. Allen did farm work, dropping corn and covering it, shucking it in the autumn, throwing it as fodder to the stock in winter, taking it to the mill in the spring. He followed cradles, shucked oats and wheat, and hauled them to barn and stack. He cut wood for the family, and believes there is nothing he did not learn about the kind and faithful souls housed in barns.

As a child he dwelt somewhat apart and alone. All the young folks of the neighborhood were either much his elders or his juniors. Elsewhere he had flocks of cousins near his own age, but he seldom saw them. Hence, he had no adjacent contemporaries; there was absence of companionship and he turned to nature, to the beasts of the field and fowls of the air, of which latter at that time there was prodigal life all around him, including wild ducks, and, far outnumbering these, wild pigeons. Friendships he formed with dumb creatures, and none has ever been broken. Those friendships mean more to him, he says, the longer they last. He thus was compelled to see human life as set in nature, and out of his experience has come a fixed faith

that if any writer shall ever know a country he must have known it in his childhood. Hence he is able to say, and to say somewhat proudly, "Behind all that I have written lie the landscapes of a single neighborhood"—and that is Kentucky.

About two years ago the writer was in conversation one day in London with an eager-minded and alert young critic, whose literary judgments have already penetrated to this side of the Atlantic.

"No American writer," said this critic, with enthusiasm, "since Hawthorne, has, I believe, impressed the English mind with the imperishable quality and magic that inhere in the work of the literary artist as Mr. Allen has done. What I like about him especially is the sincerity and simplicity of his genius. Then he seems more nearly allied in his spirit and imagination with our own literary ideals. Indeed, his Kentucky is really a bit of old England come back to us through the gallant and chivalrous yeomen who transplanted the virile virtues of English soil and bequeathed them through generations until they flowed in Mr. Allen's blood."

"But," said the writer, "Kentucky is only a part of America, and in other sections of the

country writers have sprung up to interpret the life and traditions that as surely have descended to them from their English forbears."

"That may be," replied he, "but I still maintain that Mr. Allen's work comes nearer to the ideal of universal literature than any other American writers since Hawthorne. I read in your fiction of Chicago and New York and Boston, but I don't feel that I am seeing anything more than a circumscribed view of a small community or coterie. Your fiction is still local, and not national; it is American in spots; it is a study of men in particular, not mankind in general, not the large and spacious view of life in relation to the universe. Now, in Mr. Allen's work, somehow, let it be Kentucky or elsewhere, I don't care in what part of the United States his scene might be laid, I have a strong conviction that here is the real, the true America."

"Why is it," asked the Englishman, "that Mr. Allen, whom I place foremost among your authors to-day, is so little known over here? We know less about him than of any other American writer of any account almost."

The reason was easily furnished. Mr. Allen is one of the shyest and most reticent of men,

but he at the same time possesses an open mind and a generous attitude toward men and affairs. His nature shrinks from the curious gaze of those seeking for the tidbits of gossip served up to them by the ubiquitous and burrowing interviewer. He is content to be thought old-fashioned in clinging to an ancient custom, when it was enough that the author should write his books, and the publisher stood between him and his private rights. He would admire the author of "Lorna Doone," who lived his life among his fruits and flowers, and when he had a book to give the public, threw it, as he put it, over his garden wall, and his own part and person ended there.

Yet there is no more congenial, better-informed, brilliant conversationalist than Mr. Allen. And, like all men whose reticence arises from a sensitive pride of self-respect and is rooted in true humility, he is fearless and generous to a fault; fearing nothing but injustice —to others as to himself. That is Mr. Allen as his friends know him.

There is truth in the contention of a recent essayist that literature is essentially autobiography. There are two lives, he affirms, the life of actuality and the life of dream or imagi-

nation, and some men, especially artists, live more truly, more really, in the dream life, and find expression of their selves in their work. In essence one gets more of Mr. Allen in his work than one ever would in any biography or autobiography; indeed, one might go further and say that one probably finds more of the spiritual nature (which is the real man, after all) of this writer shining in his pages than of any other in most contemporaneous fiction, for the very reason that he is the most ingenuous and transparent of writers.

"Humor is a great help to one in being interviewed," Mr. Allen remarked, speaking of the question from the point of view of the caller. "No man's biography should be written, I hold, until after his death. It is not true that all men are vain. That is just the difference between the really great creative man and the man who falls short of that standard. I have read a vast deal about the lives of great men, and one thing I have noticed about them is that although they perhaps take pride in their work, they are far from being vain of it. Indeed, very often they are like the parents of a deformed child and shrink from speaking of it, so keenly do they feel the discrepancy between

their achievement and their ideal!—but vain of it, never.

"It is a constant mistake," he remarked, when the conversation had veered that way, "to speak of great men as the measure of their time. The truth is, nobody is the measure of his time; his time is always greater than he is. This is true even of Shakespeare and Balzac. The 'Comédie Humaine' is, to be sure, the most stupendous literary project ever conceived and executed by one man; but it would nevertheless be folly to contend that the 'Comédie' was an exhaustive picture of the life of that period, or even of the life of France or of Paris. It is commonly said of Goethe that he mirrored the whole German thought of his time; but nobody has taken the trouble to show what intellectual currents there were in Germany by which he was totally untouched. No one mind can embrace the whole of contemporary thought.

"Another thing of which I am thoroughly convinced is that an author should not live among the scenes of which he writes. By a strangely subtle law he is not able to write of them with as great effect as when absent, for there then enters into his work the charm of memory and the enchantment of distance. Be-

sides, when amid the scenes of which he is treating, a writer is apt to be overwhelmed by the richness of his material, which makes it difficult for him to make exclusion of all that is not germane to his purpose."

First among Mr. Allen's writings to win attention in New York were those charming papers in "Harper's Magazine" about twenty years ago, on the "Blue Grass Region of Kentucky." The editor of this volume recalls even now with something of the old delight, the thrill of pleasure they gave him, on drowsy afternoons in an editorial office on Park Row, and how, in after years, he learned that some brief words he had at that time written about them reached Kentucky as, perhaps, the earliest recognition Mr. Allen's genius received in an Eastern newspaper.

Before rising to take leave of him at the Century Club the writer remarked, "And your first work, Mr. Allen?"

"'The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky' and 'Flute and Violin' were not published at the same time," said he "but they represent work of the same period, as they were written together. Then I wrote the novel 'John Gray.'"

"As I understand the two stories," said the one about to depart, "John Gray is the same man as the hero of 'The Choir Invisible.' Is that not so?"

"Well, I meant him to be the same man," Mr. Allen replied, "but somehow characters don't always turn out as you intend them to. You see, at every single turn of a story it would have been possible to make something else happen with equal fidelity to truth. Were it otherwise the characters would lose their freedom of choice and cease to be human."

"I have often wondered," the writer said, "whether you had any historical foundation for the account in 'The Choir Invisible' of the schoolmaster's fight with the cougar."

"Well," he replied, "I had frequently heard of fights with wildcats; so I went them one better. As a matter of fact, the cougar was the dread of the pioneers, and although to-day he is a cowardly animal, he seems formerly not to have been so; his nature has undoubtedly undergone a change. It is impossible to get at the truth of the legends of fights with cougars, as they were never written until long after the occurrences, and are entirely untrustworthy. But they certainly did occur; and then a

cougar is so much more romantic than a wild-cat."

If the writer were to add one last word in summing up the impression which Mr. Allen as man and author conveys, he would say unhesitatingly distinction. Seldom is it that personality makes so deep an impression both physically and mentally. His erect, military bearing arrests the eye, as one may not infrequently have seen it arrest strangers' eyes on Piccadilly or Broadway. His figure has become familiar to many New Yorkers; but his old enduring love for the country abides, and he is never long indifferent to its call. He is almost as often out of New York as in it, and more's the pity for New York—its social life and the life one sees in clubland.

Booth Tarkington

In Indianapolis, Indiana

BY MR. TARKINGTON.

Born in Indiana in 1869.

The Gentleman from Indiana. 1897.
Monsieur Beaucaire. 1900.

XXI

Booth Tarkington

In Indianapolis, Indiana

"WRITING is a trade, and, like any other trade, it must be learned. We must serve our apprenticeship ; but we must work it out alone. There are no teachers. We must learn by failure and by repeated effort how the thing should be done." These words from Booth Tarkington, in the first glow of undoubted success, came to the writer as if they had come from an oracle. He had just discovered him in his home—and, incidentally, in bed, though the hour was noon—and had been asked how it occurred that the man who could write "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "M. Beaucaire," had come upon the reading public practically unheralded. Had he not written before ? Had he not offered his works for publication ? Why were there not inferior productions in the more obscure organs ?

The explanation was very simple, and yet remarkable ; just as remarkable, in fact, as the

thousands of similar cases recorded by history. Mr. Tarkington had been writing for eight years, and had been persistently sending the results to magazines, and with the regularity of the United States mails his stories had come back. "Rejected every time, and for eight years," said Mr. Tarkington, rubbing his hands and chuckling as if it were the best joke in the world.

"But did you have nothing published?" I persisted, mindful of the quantities of drivel constantly set before the public, and of the strong, firm touch shown by this young man, stamping him at once, and to the most casual observer, as a real artist.

"Yes," he laughed. "I had a friend in New York who tried a little magazine venture, and at his request I furnished him with one little story. But that was accepted on the basis of friendship. It didn't amount to much."

The latter remark is characteristic of Mr. Tarkington. He is exceedingly modest. It was with the greatest difficulty that the caller got him to talk about himself or his work. Had there not been a mother at hand, a mother overflowing with pride and affection for her only son, there would have been many things untold.

"Oh, yes," he added, continuing to enjoy the humor of the thing, "I have had a poem or two in the local paper."

Mr. Tarkington's home is in Indianapolis, Ind. He is about thirty years of age, and was educated at Purdue University and Princeton, where he was in the class of 1893. He is a literary man pure and simple, and all his energies since leaving college have been employed in writing. At the close of his senior year at Princeton he inherited a modest income, securing him against want. In writing, he has since toiled unremittingly, and in the face of the greatest discouragements, until the goal has at last been reached. His success, like the bread of honest toil, is the sweeter for the labor which earned it.

Mr. Tarkington's mother is a sister of Newton Booth, at one time Governor of California, and Senator from that State. From Senator Booth the author was named. In Indianapolis, since graduating, he has been a popular and familiar figure in club and social life, which more than once has found pleasure in plays he has written. His friends there have never doubted that he would win distinction. His home is on North Pennsylvania Avenue, only a

short distance from the house in which lived Benjamin Harrison. Here, in a quiet study, were produced the books that have made him famous.

Contemporary literature owes much to Indiana. In its chief city, Indianapolis, James Whitcomb Riley has long had his home. Probably no American book since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has enjoyed the vogue of "Ben Hur" —not even "David Harum." Its author, Lew Wallace, is a native of Brookville, and has practised law for many years at Crawfordsville. Among General Wallace's neighbors was the late Maurice Thompson — soldier, geologist, poet, critic, romancer—whose "Alice of Old Vincennes" has been one of the best-selling novels of the day, and, like Mr. Tarkington's two stories, belongs among the few that have made a success on the stage.

Though not a native of Indiana, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of "Lazarre," and of an excellent earlier story, "The Romance of Dollard," by virtue of her long residence within its borders, is thoroughly identified with the State. Then there are the Egglestons—Edward and George Cary. It was the village of Vevay that gave these stalwart brothers to the

world. From his birthplace near Liberty, Joaquin Miller migrated in childhood to the scene of his future achievements as a verse-writer, and it was from Dearborn County that John James Piatt, the poet, started out, at the age of nine, to see what the rest of the world was like.

John Hay, whose "Pike County Ballads" and "Castilian Days" show the touch of an artist who unfortunately has sunk into literary inactivity under pressure of the cares of State, was born in Salem. The late President Harrison, whose book on "This Country of Ours," showed a degree of literary skill, was an Indiana man through and through. Robert Underwood Johnson, the associate editor of the "Century," it may be added, is also from Indiana.

"It was at this time," said Mr. Tarkington, referring to the final acceptance of "M. Beaucaire," and then of "The Gentleman From Indiana," "that I had about come to the conclusion that I had mistaken my calling. Though I got much discouraged, I am glad now it happened that way. It was just what I needed. I was learning all the time. I was finding what I could do and what I could not, and I was learning how to do it better. Writing is a trade, and I was serving my apprenticeship."

Only once during those eight years of literary endeavor did Mr. Tarkington receive what he regarded as encouragement. Like most writers, he tried his hand at plays, and spent some time in New York seeking a market for his wares. Of three plays submitted, Richard Mansfield was sufficiently interested to send for the return of one which he had glanced at and rejected. He wished a second look at it. But the hope thus raised was soon dispelled by a second return.

Mr. Tarkington is an artist. By that it is meant that he has the temperament which cannot do otherwise than express the beautiful and harmonious as it appeals to him. His fingers are slender, delicate, and tapering—the hand of the musician or the painter. They seemed to be twitching to lay hold of a pencil. Accordingly, the writer was not greatly surprised to learn that the beautiful drawing which had caught his eye as he entered the drawing-room was Mr. Tarkington's own work. It was an illustration for the Beaucaire story, and, the writer thought, superior in spirit and handling to the illustrations furnished for the book. The scene was that with which the second instalment ends. There was Lady Mary, the proud beauty of Bath,

passing out of the hall; and there was Beaucaire, handsome, dignified, graceful; and the astonished Beau Nash, and all the rest of the company. There was no need for explanation. It was all there just as the words had drawn the picture indelibly upon the mind.

"He has always drawn," said his mother with pride, "and he draws well." The son tried to interrupt with a modest remark about the allowance which must be made for a mother's partiality for her son's work, but she continued: "When he was six years old he used to go and lock himself in his room and draw pictures all day. I like his illustrations much better than those published."

Asked as to the character of his previous work, Mr. Tarkington said that it had been of all sorts. "I tried mystery stories," said he; "things with the element of strangeness, some attempts at character work, historic things and some dealing with the early settlement of Indiana. But they weren't good enough, and I had to keep trying. I had no real success until I struck Indiana subjects."

While "The Gentleman From Indiana" was running in serial form the author received a great number of letters from people throughout

the State who thought they saw in the first few numbers of the story evidences of disloyalty to the State. They advised Mr. Tarkington to go East where he belonged, and called him everything from a snob to a traitor. Four county papers took up the same cry, and abused him with as much ardor as if he had been running for office.

"I really hardly knew what to think of it," said Mr. Tarkington. "It never occurred to me I might be considered disloyal, and I was glad when the story was finished, and they saw that they were mistaken."

A successful author gets all kinds of odd things in his mail. On the morning of the writer's call, Mr. Tarkington had received from an Iowa man a letter and a bunch of manuscript written on both sides of the paper and tied up with cotton string. The Iowa man referred to the prejudice of publishers against obscure authors, and proposed that Mr. Tarkington intercede with the magazines and secure the publication of the accompanying productions, on the understanding that he should have twenty-five per cent. of the price paid for them.

In person Mr. Tarkington suggests the man whom he has drawn as the Gentleman from In-

diana. But it is only a suggestion. The author lacks the athletic build of his hero, Harkless. He is slight, but has the same lanky build which would make Harkless sit with his knees up to his chin and his hands clasped over his shins. He is of medium height, quick and nervous in his movements, and with restless, sensitive hands. His eyes are so dominant and striking that it is hard to speak of the rest of his face. They are the dark, dreamy eyes of the poet, but without that cow-like stupidity which the word dreamy seems to carry with it. In their expression there is keenness and humor, which seem ever to contradict the idealism of the mere dreamer. His features are refined, but without any suggestion of insipidity; the mouth is very expressive, and the general expression is attractive. Women would consider him handsome. He was dressed like a man who spends much of his time at the club; as, in fact, Mr. Tarkington does. In his manner there are ease, chivalry, and grace, without a suggestion of the stiff or unnatural. To see him with his mother is like seeing Sothern in one of his romantic dramas. Stevenson is Mr. Tarkington's favorite author, and "The Wrecker" his favorite among Stevenson's books.

Booth Tarkington and James Whitcomb Riley are old friends, and the former tells how he used in his younger days to delight to trail about at the heels of the Hoosier poet, at all hours of the day and night, listening to his "moonings." The strolls usually ended in the small hours of the morning with a lunch of pie, watermelon, strong coffee, and Welsh rarebit. This was probably where Tarkington learned to take his breakfast at noon and do his writing by an oil lamp. Mr. Tarkington is exceedingly companionable, and is entirely without self-consciousness and egotism. He is a ready and entertaining talker, tells a story as well as he writes it, and has a keen sense for the humorous.

Carl Schurz

In East Sixty-fourth Street, New York

BY GENERAL SCHURZ.

Born in 1829, near Cologne, Prussia.

The New South. 1885.
Life of Henry Clay. 1887.
Abraham Lincoln—an Essay. 1891.

XXII

Carl Schurz

In East Sixty-fourth Street, New York

CARL SCHURZ occupies rank in that distinguished company of Germans who have adopted the United States as their fatherland and English as their tongue. Obedient to the law that makes converts more enthusiastic than veterans, he has become a more ardent American than most of those who were born under the Stars and Stripes, and a more virile master of English than many writers who lisped it in their cradles.

A visitor to General Schurz's literary workshop, in East Sixty-fourth Street, finds nothing there that suggests Germany—except the distinctively German face of its master artisan and the Teutonic form of the dachshund that is always curled in a ball on the lounge within easy reach of caresses and kind words. The German language and literature are conspicuously present, but a glance around at other laden bookshelves tells one that the treasures of German thought are there because they are valuable—indispens-

able—and not because they are German. America dominates everything here, as it does the actual life of this German-American. Half the entire library space is given up to works on American history and politics, as well as biographies, and general literature. Germany claims the second largest portion of room, followed closely by France, while a fourth is devoted to miscellaneous books.

When General Schurz became an American, he became one with German thoroughness. This is largely due to the fact that he left the fatherland because he would not consent to be a slave there. He was born in Liblar, near Cologne, in 1829, and was educated at the gymnasium of Cologne and the University of Bonn.

In 1848 he joined Gottfried Kinkel in publishing a liberal paper, and the following spring had to fly from Bonn because of the failure of his attempt to start an insurrection. He took part in the defence of the fortress of Rastadt, and after it fell fled to Switzerland. In 1850 he returned to Germany and procured the escape of Kinkel, who was confined in the fortress of Spandau. After a short stay in Paris and a year in London he came to this country, in 1852, and settled in Philadelphia. Three

years later he moved to Watertown, Wis. In 1856 he took part in the political campaign, making speeches in German in behalf of the Republican candidates.

General Schurz's first speech in English was delivered in 1858, in the contest between Douglas and Lincoln for the United States Senate. This was the beginning of his long career of public speaking and writing on historical and political questions. In 1860 he spoke during the campaign, in both English and German, and ever since has made use of both languages in addressing political meetings.

His literary activity began with a protest against feudal slavery, and his entire literary life since has been spent in what may be called perpetual protest against every form of oppression. It is characteristic of his work that it has had to do at almost every point with questions that concern human freedom from bonds or prejudice or avarice. The first of his writings that was published was a collection of speeches against slavery in the South, and he is now engaged on a critical biography of that great adversary of slavery, Charles Sumner.

But the workshop in the neighborhood of Central Park, with its front windows affording

delightful views of "sunny spots of greenery" even in midwinter, has no appearance of being the armory that it is. Here one would say are strung literary gems—a treatise, an essay, an artistic work, perhaps now and then a poem. One would not think at first that he was in a smithy where bolts are forged and fetters are broken on the anvil. After a glance at the richly laden shelves one realizes where he is, for on them lie thick the weapons of "the invincible knights" of thought. It is not poetry and poetic prose that one thinks of now, but the long battle for freedom and light. And here has been done, and is doing, some of the most ardent fighting.

Perpetual peace reigns in the workshop, for its victories are those of peace. The din of strife is all without, following the launching of the bolts forged so quietly and in almost monastic seclusion. Heavy rugs and furs muffle the noise of footsteps, and cushioned lounges, chairs, and recessed seats give forth no sound as one sinks into their downy depths. Ever the privileged dachshund preserves its inherited Teutonic stolidity, and lies as if in a charmed sleep in its favorite corner of the lounge. It is an ideal place for study, meditation, and thoughtful work.

One is made aware of some of the characteristics of General Schurz as soon as he enters the house. He is ushered at once into a hall that is a veritable portrait gallery of immortals. No one enters this select company without having done something for the world. Warriors, statesmen, musicians, artists, and authors are all represented, but a certain spirit of selection, one sees at once, has directed the formation of the gallery. Men of thought rule here and not "men of destiny" or of empire.

The gallery of portraits continues, as if unfolding, as one passes into the sitting-room, up the stairway—two flights—along another hall, and then into the workshop, where are gathered the master spirits of the world. Over this group Voltaire seems to rule. Below him is Napoleon, in abased thought after Waterloo, and Frederick the Great in humiliation after Kolin. On the distinctively American side of the workshop is seen the rugged face of Lincoln.

There is also the inevitable collection of curiosities—knives and swords from the Malay Archipelago and articles of *virtu* picked up in all parts of the world. Among the more precious things of the collection are the cuff buttons worn by John Quincy Adams when he fell, in

the Senate Chamber in 1848. These relics passed from Adams to Sumner, from Sumner to Hoar, back again to the family of Adams, and were finally given to General Schurz.

The German nature is averse to trusting success to luck or inspiration. It believes in the good fortune of persistence and the inspiration of work. General Schurz does not wait for moods, but works always, taking the chance of running into his best moments instead of waiting for them to come to him. He applies himself to the task in hand with an industry that would succeed in any department of life. In the morning he begins early and works from three to five hours. He works again for several hours in the afternoon, and, whenever he is not making addresses at political, philosophical, or educational gatherings, he works several hours at night. His desk is not within alluring sight of the Park, but faces books, is touched almost on every side by books, and is encumbered with books, while the stern, reflective face of Lincoln looks down upon it from front and rear.

The great bulk of General Schurz's work was written for newspapers and magazines, or is ingulfed in the ocean of pamphlets. He

has published four volumes, two of them being the "Life of Henry Clay," in the "American Statesmen Series," and a third being the "Essay on Lincoln." Both of these have already become political and historical classics, and are among the most valuable contributions made in late years to American history. They serve to illustrate the theory that very often a foreigner sees more deeply and clearly into a governmental system than native students of that system. Von Holst, Bryce, and Goldwin Smith have also been conspicuously successful in similar studies of the American Government.

The small number of General Schurz's books is more than made amends for by the tremendous volume of his historical and political work published in periodicals and pamphlets. His writings, if brought together, would fill from ten to fifteen volumes. It is probable that they will be collected and published in a series.

He has been engaged on the biography of Sumner, at odd moments of leisure from more pressing work, for several years. He is also at work on several historical subjects, one of them being a political history of the United States since the Missouri Compromise. He recognizes the great value of James Ford Rhodes's

work, but wishes to treat the subject in an entirely different way and from a different point of view.

General Schurz has not been without honor in his adopted country. He has been editor of several newspapers; he rose to the rank of Major-General of Volunteers in the Civil War; was elected United States Senator from Missouri; was Minister to Spain, and was Secretary of the Interior under Hayes. He contributed a study of Daniel Webster to "The Atlantic," which is included in "The Library of the World's Best Literature."

The workshop in East Sixty-fourth Street is occupied only in the winter. The summer and autumn General Schurz formerly spent at Lake George, where labor was resumed with fresh vigor. In more recent years his summer home has been at Pocantico Hills, just over the crest eastward from that Hudson Valley shore, which well might be called Irvingland.

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